THE COMMONWEAL

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TRUMPET OF THE DAWN

WALL STREET may not seem exactly like an arena of philosophy, at least not to a spectator of its activities viewing the floor of the stock exchange from the visitor's gallery; perhaps even less so to any speculator or investor reading, with elation or depression, the daily market report at the close of some hectic day when the bulls or the bears, not to mention the lambs, have been battling. The value or the lack of value, or the fluctuations in value, of the stocks and bonds bought or sold in the Street ought to be, one would suppose, matters of concrete, unquestionable, measurable facts. Of course, in practice, all these matters of fact are so numerous and complicated and changeable that the average person, while probably admitting the theoretical concreteness of the underlying factors in finance, feels that only experts can know, grasp and understand them, and—what is more practically important—profitably apply them. Yet, as an ironical editorial writer in the New York World pointed out the other day, when the market was behaving like a seesaw in the playful hands of drunken sailors, two such great experts in finance as Professor Irving Fisher and Mr. Roger Babson could, and did, issue directly contradictory accounts of the situation. What was black to the one was white to the other; what one predicted with cold, scientific certainty, the other flatly denied with equal assurance; and within twenty-four hours both were proven right, and also wrong. The market behaved as each said it was bound to act, given the facts which both set forth; and also it did not behave as they said it would.

The Commonweal is utterly unqualified to arbitrate in such a technical duel; we have no sort of opinion as to whether the Yale professor of economics or the Boston master of financial statistics knew more of the facts, or which of them judged the facts more scientifically; but we would venture the opinion that fundamentally both gentlemen really functioned more as philosophers than as adding machines. In other words, after all the facts and figures available had been got together, what entered into the subsequent determinations was the same factor that enters into all human judgments, namely, their philosophy.

As that subtle and powerful writer the Reverend C. C. Martindale, lately wrote apropos of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's newest book, Survivals and New Arrivals: "It is so very easy to fasten on, catalogue and estimate up to a point, concrete facts, and so very difficult to

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reach the 'mind' that lies at the back of, and inspires, such facts and events, or quite possibly, hardly expresses itself in events at all, and thereby is all the less likely to be understood or so much as noted." At the back of all that goes on in Wall Street, or in any other department of business, or any of the affairs of society in general, and moving, coloring, influencing, often shaping the issue of the concrete facts involved, are psychological factors, spiritual forces.

Those distinguished American historians, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Beard, recently published in the Saturday Review of Literature a well-reasoned plea for the fuller recognition and application of "the philosophy of civilization." Not only how, and when, but why, men and women and nations perform the deeds which are the stuff of human history—this is what Mr. and Mrs. Beard desire that thoughtful readers should ask. The congress of psychologists held a week or so ago at Yale is only one of many highly significant signs of the tendency illustrated by the Beards' article, and by scores of other instances that might be named. Everywhere may be seen the tokens of the growing desire felt by every man or woman of any intelligence to get at the deeper forces which move behind the confusing concrete facts of life. The popular expression heard so often—"What's it all about?"—proves that the same desire is vaguely yet no less insistently at work among the masses of the people.

This, we think, is why even popular journalism has come to broaden so remarkably its conception of what constitutes news, and to recognize that a book may be an event of more public importance than a battle in Manchuria or a world's series. Syndicated issuance of significant books by papers meant for mass circulation is a solid proof of this. The Story of Philosophy, and All Quiet on the Western Front, are two recent instances out of hundreds that might be mentioned.

There is, therefore, ample justification for us to direct special attention to the book referred to above, Mr. Belloc's Survivals and New Arrivals, quite apart from what review notice or formal criticism we may give to it. Few more debatable books have been published in recent years. It will cause sharp divisions of opinion even among those most strongly convinced of its importance; even among those sharing most fully a conviction of the general truth of its thesis. Its selection by the Catholic Book Club assures it a fairly wide circulation immediately upon its publication among American Catholic readers. In England it seems already to be the subject of an extraordinary amount of discussion in both Catholic and secular circles. It is highly desirable that the same thing should happen here.

For this book is the quintessence of Belloc's Catholicism. Here is a man who for more than thirty years has been one of the most fecund, interesting, original and significant of all modern writers. He is a historian of primary importance. He stands in the very first rank of English essayists. He has written poetry of a high order. His many books of personal adventure and travel would give him a special and considerable place in modern literature even if they stood alone; yet to them must be added important works on economics and European politics. His style has strength and beauty. His erudition is exceeded only by his tremendous personal experience of life, gained through travel and participation in public affairs, and made practical by an irresistible realism of temperament which all his days has balanced and complemented his devotion to books. And from first to last all his gifts and acquisitions have been unified, inspired and guided by the strongest, clearest, most undeviating devotion to Catholicism shown by any lay writer today.

Therefore it is not surprising that his new book is being placed in England on a level with Newman's Apologia, in the sense of its importance as an event. In the maturity of his exceptional powers, with a sort of passionate clarity of expression never excelled even by his own almost unique faculty of clear writing, Mr. Belloc has put forth a book which may well become the turning-point of a new era of Catholic apologetic. Its opening sentences strike the key-note which is essential to all discussions of Catholicism: the uniqueness, separateness, difference of the Catholic Church among, from and to all other institutions existent among mankind; and the further fact that what it teaches, its doctrine and its philosophy—whether fully or only partly accepted, whether denied and rejected, or even merely ignored or neglected—affects all mankind, and all its doings and events, from Wall Street to the convent cloister.

"Alone of moral things present among men," says Mr. Belloc, "it has been rejected, criticized or cursed, on grounds which have not only varied from age to age, but have been always of conflicting and often of contradictory kinds." He then proceeds to consider those forms of opposition to the Faith in recent times which have ceased to be main attacks, but which still maintain a dwindling attack: the "survivals"; next he goes on to describe the main opposition of today, which he thinks to be chiefly three things—nationalism, anti-clericalism and that congeries of vague, amorphous yet formidable influences termed the "modern mind"; after which he turns to the forces that may become the main opposition tomorrow, while those things which now constitute that opposition will themselves be mere "survivals." He concludes the matter with a brief yet tremendously important chapter called The Opportunity: his statement of his case for believing that the very chaos into which civilization has blundered, mainly because of its desertion of Catholicism, may enable "the Church to take the initiative again after its long siege of 300 years."

We think that no more ringing challenge to thought has been uttered by any writer in our times than this book. To the new day of the life of the Church which undoubtedly has begun, the day of its modern resurgence, it is a trumpet blown at dawn.

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WEEK BY WEEK

POLITICALLY a unification of the nations of Europe is as impossible a dream as the union of North and South America. Local patriotisms are as intense as they ever were, and, in the name of Woodrow Wilson, more articulate than they have been for several centuries. Excepting the case of Germany and Austria, not fewer, but more states is the popular cry abroad. None of the nations created at Versailles, with the possible exception of Hungary, are without minority problems growing constantly more acute. Even Belgium has been considerably disturbed by agitation for an autonomous Flemish government. It is not, then, because of a greater love between the races that M. Briand's plan for an economic federation seems to have a better chance of materializing than a similar scheme would have had before the war. It has a better chance because Europe is awakening to the advantage of organizing her commerce and her industries on a continental scale. The example of America takes ever a larger place in the European mind. Europe has all the factors incident to prosperity: the natural resources, the talent to exploit them, the industries, the facilities for transportation. She is poor because she cannot organize herself economically in the manner of America. The immediate effect of M. Briand's plan would be to liberate European industry; to remove the barriers which now restrict it. Ultimately it ought to provide that economic security which must be the foundation of peace.

Europe in Union

ONE could hardly desire more satisfactory evidence regarding the mind of the shifting South than is supplied by the shipment recently obtained from Gastonia. The trial, first of all, revealed a judiciary conscious of existing prejudice against the defendants and determined to ensure fairness by granting a change of venue. Thereupon the court fell into a disconcerting trap, accepted a funny old "unwashed" cracker on the panel, and then beheld him suddenly run amuck under the strain. The incident was not without its ethnological and civic interest, but the trial came to a standstill. So also did the silence of the jurors. A few of them having indicated a disposition to consider the defendants not guilty, a mob equipped with automobiles ransacked Communist headquarters, flogged a few available prophets of revolution, and then burned up the road to Gastonia looking for opposition legal talent. From a distance the whole performance looks distinctly boyish and bad. And of course the Communists also look boyish and bad. Most of us in the North are now so unfamiliar with incidents of this kind that they seem to hale from another world or to belong in unduly hectic melodrama. How hard it is to recall that twenty years ago much excitement of a similar character might have been witnessed in any one of a score of industrial communities between Minnesota and New England. Can we really have forgotten Elizabeth Gurley Flynn so quickly? She was an incendiary genius, by comparison with whom the revolutionaries and the "patriots" of Gastonia look like poor cartoons. The quality of these last is fully revealed by the killing of Mrs. Ella Wiggins —an act as stupid, reprehensible and cowardly as any in the record of our labor wars.

Gooseflesh in Gastonia

NO COMMUNITY in the United States likes Communist endeavor. Our differences lie in our methods of reacting. The normal industrialized city simply closes its ears and whistles a merry tune, or during critical moments dispatches a policeman to accomplish what a mob might otherwise attempt. Custom, in other words, has dulled the weapons of revolt. It takes considerable time to acquire such habits of nonchalance. What is encouraging in the Gastonia situation is the fact that men in authority have profited by experience and example. The governor, the judge and other officials concerned have acted with a promptness and common sense admirable in themselves and not so easy to duplicate in the North of three decades ago. They have utilized troops with discretion, have throttled the passions of the local cincinnati, and have given us all the courage to believe that government in the South will remain government, in the strict sense of the term, while the inevitable organization of labor proceeds. Doubtless the South is unfortunate in its heritage of "mob action," and more than desirably forgetful of the truth that Communism would be amply pleased with a mob of its own. All this business, part romantic and part revolutionary, has to go. A rightly self-conscious and justly dealt with labor group will help it disappear more speedily than anything else could.

THE semblance of a political campaign is now engrossing Mexico, with José Vasconcelos in the rôle of opposition candidate. He is fairly well known in the United States as a theorist of "Mexican social reform," has been minister of education, and has been warmly approved by many of his educated countrymen now resident in countries other than their own. In one of his books he tells the interesting story of his experiences in the United States as representative of the forces which wanted neither Carranza nor Villa; and in another he has voiced not a little criticism of more recent Mexican rulers. His appearance as a candidate for the presidential office is therefore a genuinely courageous act. Without even so much as a general at his side, he has talked to crowds about reform and pacification. Vasconcelos seems to have reflected deeply upon the lessons of the Calles epoch, and it is said that his declarations in favor of religious liberty are strong. Despite all this, however, our guess is that Pascual Rubio, official gov-

Stumping Mexico

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ernment standard-bearer, will win hands down. It is even to be feared that his opponent is not being taken very seriously. And yet—strange things have happened before in political campaigns, and Mexico is a place where strange things happen frequently.

THE news that Jugoslavia and Bulgaria are near a temporary agreement for the settling of their border disputes is most welcome. For the Balkans have recently presentd as grave a menace to the peace of Europe as they did in the years preceding the great war. There have been raids and reprisals. Patriotic demonstrations along the border have resulted in rioting, and many deaths. The Bulgarians have been in a temper over the oppression of their kinsmen, the Macedonians, and over the activities of the Jugoslavian frontier guards. The Serbs, on their part, have claimed that the victims of the guards were all bandits who should have been suppressed by Bulgaria in the first place. War has been close on more than one occasion, and in all likelihood a war beginning in those regions would not long remain confined to two countries. France has not been backward in showing her friendship for Jugoslavia, nor Italy for Bulgaria. In addition, Hungary would not be averse to a Bulgar alliance. For all these reasons, about the most important work which can be undertaken in Europe just now is the promotion of an understanding between Sofia and Belgrade.

In the Balkans

MR. HOOVER'S now famous letter anent the "public lands" is remarkable primarily for its declaration that the western states "are today more competent to manage much of these affairs than is the federal government." This is so frank an approval of commonwealth policies in land control that one is pardonably surprised, especially since Washington has until recently tried to nationalize even the remaining state parks. Abstractly considered, "federal bureaucracy" is bad; but it does not follow that it is the greatest conceivable evil in the administration of 194,000,000 acres valuable "chiefly for grazing." Mr. Hoover wishes, of course, to conserve for the nation all forest lands and all subsoil rights. But if the several states are not adjudged competent to maintain these properly, just why should they be thought suited for the development of grazing plains and new irrigation projects? It must seem that conservation of pasturage is almost as important as the conservation of timber. Nor does it appear likely that states like Idaho and Wyoming could easily supplant existing federal commissioners with their own organizations. Unified control should prove cheaper and more effective than separatist supervision; and since the work must be done at a financial loss, it seems fairer that the power which profits by mineral and forest rights should bear the expense. Of course it is true that many aspects of the situation are trying, and that even reclamation has not produced the results anticipated, or pleased the states affected. Commendably, therefore, a commision will review the situation. A way out may be coördination of state and federal agencies.

Administering the Public Lands

ONE of the unusual festivities of the year has been the observance of the eleventh centenary of Saint Anscaire, reputed to have been the first apostle of the Scandinavian countries. In honor of the occasion the archbishop of Stockholm called together numerous distinguished guests and organized a program which has elicited a great deal of public approval. The Saint was a monk of Corbie, who made apostolic sorties from Hamburg into what was then a vast northern wilderness; and it is said that the aid he received came from no less a personage than Charlemagne himself. It is curious to note that the same monastery figured prominently in the endeavor to reëstablish Catholicism in Sweden after the period of religious revolution. Gustave III, who had lived for a considerable period in France, was deeply ashamed of the intolerance of his people and managed to secure an edict of religious liberty in the realm. This was presented to the Pope by the French ambassador to the Vatican; and the Holy See, recognizing the desires of the Swedish king, sent as its delegate a Lorraine theologian whose pension was received through Corbie. Unfortunately the Abbé Nicolas Oster, endeavoring to raise more funds for his mission, ran squarely into the French Revolution from which he barely escaped with his life. Such is a part of the fascinating story recalled by the present festivities.

Sweden's Apostle

NEW YORK papers are frequently predicting that the coming theatrical season will find the theatres better off than they were a year ago, by which is meant that fewer shows will fail, and those which survive will be better patronized. The reason given is that the vogue of the talkies has subsided to some extent, their novelty has worn off, and theatre-goers are now satisfied that even with the addition of the voice, the cinema cannot supplant the legitimate stage. Whether the prediction is sound or not, the argument is worthless. It assumes that the talkies were chiefly responsible for the poverty of the drama on Broadway last year, and takes no account of the fact that there were very few good plays. The talkies had no real competition. And if the producers are relying for their success on a decrease of interest in the talkies, of which, on our part, we have seen no signs, their disappointment will be swift and complete. The total destruction of the cinema industry might make some changes in the habits of the nation—might lead people to playing more and better bridge, going to more concerts, even going to bed. But it will not send them in greater numbers to a bad play.

Theatre Finances

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WILL ROGERS has by so many warrants established himself as a jester to King Demos—one whose wisdom at times is almost equal to his humor—that it is shocking to find him acting as a mouthpiece for the most mischievous sort of propaganda in favor of air travel at any cost in human life. Commenting upon the frightful disaster in New Mexico, Rogers remarks very truly that "travel by air is here to stay," despite accidents incidental to this newest form of rapid transportation. Nobody can doubt the truth of this dictum. But when in his zeal he goes further than that safe generality, he commits himself to very dangerous doctrine. "Accidents by plane," he says, "will be taken the same as we take the news that a train at a grade crossing has killed a truckload of people, just a matter of fact." Well, if that grim attitude had prevailed in New York, for example, we should never have had the movement for the total abolition of grade crossings that is now the settled policy of the state. And unless the press leads the public in an incessant demand for the regulation and improvement of air travel in the interest of public safety, we shall quite needlessly sacrifice thousands of lives in the development of aviation. When within a few days we see, in addition to the perhaps unavoidable tragedy in New Mexico, such grisly incidents as the slaying of babies at a public beach by a seaplane, and a fisherman cut to pieces by another seaplane near by, it is time for Will Rogers, and all other writers, to lead in the demand for a very strict and effective regulation of aviation.

The Jester Errs

A NEW YORK newspaper recently printed two stories facing each other: the account of a forthcoming medical congress which will discuss nervous and mental disorders, and the report of a Salvation Army leader's speech warning his Bowery audience against psychoanalysis. This mere accident of make-up formulates neatly and dramatically a question which is beginning to trouble the thoughtful layman a good deal. Few doubt that medical and penal practice should be modified by the findings of the sound neurologist and the sound psychologist; few can rid themselves of a deep disquiet when they try to settle which of these authorities actually are sound. With no technical competence to enter the discussion (except such as may be involved in his common sense) the thoughtful layman feels that he nevertheless has a tremendous stake in it. The whole theory of human responsibility is broached in these seemingly special questions as to whether this or that criminal is really "only a sick man," and even as to whether this or that patient is really sick in his mind, not merely "in the heart or the liver."

Mental Cases

IT IS not so much that the thoughtful layman dissents from elements in the new psychology merely because they seem to deny freedom of choice to normal men. It is rather that he goes a long way with the determinists themselves. He does believe that normal men have freedom of choice; but he believes, too, that normality is a conditioned thing, even if freedom isn't, and that one of its conditions is precisely an atmosphere of robust responsibility. He is at one with the honorable effort to humanize social and legal judgments. He knows that there are some misfits who should no more be despised, some hypochondriacs and hysterics who should no more be blamed, some criminals who should no more be punished, than madmen should have been whipped. But he knows, too, and very clearly, that the growing acceptance of these facts has acted as a solvent of the general sense of responsibility, and that more and more people are led thereby into yielding to their moral weaknesses as though they were diseases, instead of exerting themselves to overcome them. He is not likely to greet very happily the statement that "in 1928 more patients entered American hospitals for mental and nervous disorders than for all other ills combined." He will probably turn with relief to the words of Lieutenant Colonel Winchell, staunch Salvationist, on the opposite page: "The psychiatrists are coming. . . . If they are not big men, they are on your trail with big words. They are the intelligentsia—beware of them. Keep out of jail and avoid their hospital treatment."

THERE have never been lacking voices to suggest that all this exercise and training were too much of a good thing, but of late they are gaining in confidence and volume. At least as many physicians today will tell you to stay out of a cold bath as will urge you into one, and numbers of them begin to speak unkindly, too, about the practice of touching the floor twenty times without bending the knees. Now there appear in print simultaneously three very impressive repudiations of the athletic habit. Dr. D. T. Hoffman, an eye specialist, tells business men that golf gives them headaches. Miss Betty Grimes, a swimming champion many times over and a member of the original American Women's Olympic team, bewails, in the New York World, the youthful folly that gave her (as she says) bulging muscles and long, boring hours in the water when she might have been shaping a career or developing her mind; she feels that the taxicab offers the ideal method of locomotion, and that it is ridiculous to rely on violent exercise to quicken the circulation when the same thing can be accomplished by drinking a glass of wine. Mr. Max Beerbohm informs the readers of the Herald Tribune that taking walks puts the brain to sleep. Mr. Beerbohm is, of course, not an authority on physical culture, but it will be generally felt that he knows enough about brains to be heard with profound respect. Are these things really straws in the wind? Is the religion of the transcendent brain in the perfected body des-

As to Sports

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tined to yield at last to the exegesis of physiological fact? President Portes Gil would do well to ask himself these questions before he begins to import football wholesale into Mexico.

The Treasures of Salem

IT IS pleasant to observe, after a plunge into the world's diverse newspapers, that everybody has enjoyed the great Zeppelin adventure. Even journalists as far off the route as Marseilles have begun to inquire into the cost of airports, and one South American sage has written a poem in honor of Dr. Eckener. But we frankly believe that real glamour will never attach itself to aerial jaunts in the way it used to cling to perilous journeys by sea and land. In the current Correspondant a writer bemoans the fact that our age permits no such careers as that of Bruneau de Laborie, who after having become an authority on dueling went off to spend ten years of his life in the African deserts. And what American heart can be thrilled by chugging above the clouds to anything like the same extent as by the early memorials of the shipping trade? It is too bad so few of us go to Salem, Massachusetts, these days for a stroll through the extraordinary museums that old town possesses—museums which preserve the curios and souvenirs which whole generations of sea captains brought back from shores that were then as new as the imaginary quays of Mars would now be. We cannot now wander as total strangers among Polynesian isles bright with absolute morning. But is our poverty deplorable when the imagination can draw from the store of ancient venture whole inner books of glamourous voyaging? We suggest: take a trip in the latest Lindbergh model to Salem, get off for at least a day's browsing among the memorials of much earlier adventurings, and compare.

How Like a Mighty Army!

WHEN 30,000 Catholics marched in London to commemorate the centenary of religious emancipation, the occasion might well be looked to by patriotic Britons with real civic pride. Few countries have maintained the rhythm of liberal reform so consistently as has England, which opened the doors to democratic coöperation in 1829 and has kept them ajar ever since. Even yet the circumstance that religious communities, driven from France, could find a safe refuge across the Channel is cause for astonishment. Not less memorable is the fact that the business of British government could utilize Catholic brains and energies without hesitation. The military and diplomatic history of the empire would be totally different had it not been for the Emancipation Act. And of course the cultural development of the race testifies in similar fashion to the value of tolerance. The modern Catholic literary and artistic movement would suffice, if nothing else had accompanied it, to prove that the spiritual power of the English remains great.

THE COFFIN NAIL

THERE has recently been a conspicuous change in the advertising methods of some of the leading manufacturers of cigarettes. We should like to think that the change is a concession to indignant citizens who were forming committees last spring for the suppression of misleading cigarette advertisements, but we cannot, because the new methods are more ridiculous, if anything, than the old. Are we to suppose, then, that our most celebrated people testified to the advantages of nicotine in one form or another without effect, and that the public was not to be fooled in this way? By no means, since the figures show that last year was a particularly fat one for the cigarette makers. To their success, women smokers contributed greatly, and it was at the woman that their advertising was especially aimed. But apparently the day for advertising of this nature is over, and the cigarette which would be popular in the coming season must have new avenues of publicity.

While we have no interest in the success of cigarette companies, in common charity we offer them a suggestion which we believe they might follow to their profit. Let them try, for once, to manufacture a good cigarette. All the imagination of the industry has gone into advertising. Let some of it be applied to the factory. Instead of high-powered advertising, let us have a high-powered cigarette. We do not believe that the attempt would be disastrous to the makers. Such a cigarette would be a brave, rare thing in America, and word of it would soon get around. Men would fight to get a package (in our dreams we can see them, a clamorous multitude.) Tobacco stores which did not carry the new brand would be ruined. We can predict nothing for such a product except an instantaneous, an overwhelming, success. Provided, of course, that the price is right.

If Mr. Thomas Marshall were only alive today he would be far ahead of everyone else in recognizing that the need of this country is a good two-packs-for-a-quarter cigarette. Other lands do not share our necessity. At first Americans may find the three-franc French cigarette atrocious to their taste, so criminally corrupted, but they soon learn its merit; for it is made of tobacco, however poor, and as such immeasurably superior to hay. England has a dozen brands within the price of everyone. And if the Spanish had no better low-priced cigarettes than we, there would soon be a revolution in Madrid. It would undoubtedly be a successful revolution, led by the king and encouraged by the queen.

A fact of more than passing interest to us is that in none of these countries does cigarette advertising become both a joke and a calamity, while in England, at least, it can be almost a contribution to the national literature. Somehow Europeans do not find it necessary to claim for a cigarette the most astonishing of virtues. They do not suggest that it will improve the

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quality of one's soprano, relieve fatigue or clarify the mind. They guarantee it no medicinal or dietary powers. They guarantee nothing except that it contains tobacco.

We wish that some manufacturer in this country would try that—produce a good cigarette at a popular price and advertise it sensibly. He could even afford to disparage it a bit. He might say: "This is just a cigarette. It is neither a tonic nor a cough drop. If you smoke too much, it will result in a loss of weight and nervousness. For the sake of health, it is best not to smoke at all. But if you must smoke, and you want a cigarette, here it is."

CINDERELLA AT COLLEGE

DOUBTLESS one may perceive vague outlines of the collection box behind Dean Gildersleeve's plea for the girl who works her way through college. The eminent Barnard educator believes that the attempt to meet bills while studying is a pretty serious challenge to the health of young college women, who must work longer and for less pay than their masculine collegiate contemporaries. Why not, therefore, focus attention upon the fact that by far the larger number of extant scholarships have been entrusted to men's colleges? At any rate, the point involved is of real practical importance. The approval which has been given so many young people successful in paying the registrar out of their own pockets may have rendered the public somewhat blind to the circumstance that education, particularly of young women, may be proceeding with too little thought about hygienic consequences. Nor is it a matter of physical health alone.

That present-day academic training of the highest type—which is the kind demanded by our most desirable students—imposes far heavier burdens than were exacted by the colleges even a generation ago is obvious. The greatest change is attributable to the emphasis now placed upon reading, which is hardly compatible with idle ease. Then there are other stiffening devices—the tendency to use the cultural opportunities afforded by the college town as additions to the curriculum; the introduction of subsidiary professional courses; and the disposition to believe that social opportunities must not be neglected during the education period. Each and every new load makes the old-time "team chaser" look more and more like a circus oddity. And of course, when you have added five hours daily of dish-washing or cashiering, you have a situation in which Cinderella at college may eventually find herself a sickly drudge with no godmother in sight.

Reading looks pleasant and simple. But reading done under excessive concentration is as likely to cause a mental illness as it is to ruin a pair of eyes. One wonders what Fielding would have said if somebody had predicted that an American college girl, busy every night in a theatre ushering patrons to their seats, would have to read his novels during the course of one week end. Leisurely old delights crammed into the compact of a few feverish hours! Yet it has happened—even as it has happened that difficult volumes of philosophy or science, which a scholar might absorb tranquilly in a week, are gobbled down by similar young women in a night. Howells once argued against fiction reading on the ground that the "romantic current" simply swamped the mind. Other forms of literature may do quite as much harm if swallowed without restraint. We seem to have forgotten the example of Cicero who put off acquiring "wisdom" until he was carefree enough to get at it in the proper way. Of course economic difficulties are not the sole causes of intellectual dyspepsia. But observation induces one to believe that women are far more likely than men to do intellectual work sensibly if they have the right opportunity and environment. And so it is genuinely a pity that statistics should continue to enumerate a large body of girls to whom college is really a torture chamber.

The scholarship is one solution. Another and possibly a more practical one is the establishment of "day colleges" which girls of moderate means may attend while residing at home. We are happy to see that the number of such colleges is increasing less rapidly than their individual effectiveness is growing. Young women who must earn part of their way through the world ought not to be handicapped by a training less satisfactory than that which their more fortunate and less needful sisters can enjoy. It is advanced study, however, which seems to create most difficulty. The post-war habit of working for higher degrees "on the side" was a concession to the sudden imperious demand for pedagogical workers, and ought to be dropped now. Sufficient money is being given for educational purposes to justify the belief that part of it could be diverted to making provision for training the right kind of teachers. At present the stipends are ridiculously inadequate, and the circumstances under which they are granted are haphazard in the extreme. Obviously the Guggenheim Foundation has set an example here. Why should one expect that a student can live more economically in the United States than abroad? And why should help be given without adequate scrutiny of the applicant's fitness?

At this moment, when schools are reopening, one cannot refrain from making a direct application of this reasoning to the Catholic situation. The past months witnessed another procession of teaching sisters into summer schools, where a struggle against fate is annually waged for the possession of higher degrees. It is an absolutely unwise system, which cannot possibly work out satisfactorily and which is not without a core of cruelty. These overworked women ought not to be rushed from class-rooms that have meant gruelling toil toward new oceans of study which make many of them physically and mentally ill. The situation calls for some variety of intelligent generosity no less than for some species of generous intelligence.

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MASSACHUSETTS, THERE SHE IS!

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

Massachusetts has recently been staging a debate between Democratic and Republican spokesmen anent the charge that "bigotry" was fomented during the recent campaign by a prominent political leader. The situation seems of interest primarily because the phenomenon of religious and racial prejudice has lately been a factor in our national thinking. In the following paper Mr. Thompson offers a lucid and entertaining analysis of the situation. He records the conviction that there is less of bigotry "in Massachusetts than in any state," and traces the malicious propaganda to its source.—The Editors.

THAT invariably interesting commonwealth, Massachusetts, is undergoing again her usual experience of being misunderstood by her forty-seven sisters. This time it is because of a flare-up between two prominent politicians, subsequently setting fire to several others even more prominent; and it happened to be over the subject of "bigotry." Now, bigotry has, or rather acquired in the late presidential campaign, a very definite and baleful meaning in nearly every state in the union; and it was only natural that each of the other forty-seven should interpret the word in the terms familiar to it and assume that the Bay state was undergoing, or about to undergo, the explosion of the same phenomena which that word would connote in Minnesota or Alabama—or New York.

The fact is, however, that the Bay state is—not in this matter alone—unique.

What kindled the flame, and what led to a great deal of uninformed comment in the rest of the country, was that on August 14, Louis K. Liggett, the Republican National Committeeman for the state, made a speech at Fall River announcing his high discontent with certain Republican proceedings in the Hoover-Smith campaign. Massachusetts went for Smith, to its own surprise, and Mr. Liggett saddled the blame for the defeat on the indignation of the state over a political propaganda which denied two "individual rights" —the "right to go to church wherever we want to," and the "right legally to take a drink." This did not greatly please many of his fellow-Republicans, but he went on to displease certain Democrats even more. He charged that the anti-Catholic propaganda in Massachusetts was not set going by the Republican organization, but by ex-Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, a Democrat, for the purpose of arousing Catholic indignation and reaping votes. He did not put it so strongly, but that was the idea; and Mr. Curley promptly set about having him indicted for criminal libel.

This explosion was followed by other reverberations, including one from ex-Governor Fuller, who declared that the Republican party must get rid of its Jonahs and nominated Mr. Liggett as Jonah-in-chief. Whereupon the United States outside of Massachusetts deduced editorially and otherwise that the commonwealth was in the throes of the bigotry issue, like Virginia and other states too numerous to mention.

The truth is, though it will be hard for the other forty-seven to understand it, that Massachusetts is one state—perhaps the one state —where the bigotry issue does not exist. For this there are two reasons. One is that the Democrats will not permit it, and the other is that the Republicans will not permit it. There is a third reason less on the surface, which is that the Protestants don't want it and the Catholics don't want it. Massachusetts, as heretofore stated, is unique in many ways.

Massachusetts, though the "liberals," with their eyes intent on Sacco, Vanzetti and the Watch and Ward Society, will hoot the assertion, is a broad-minded state. Anti-Catholic talk makes the old-line Yankee physically tired. The common assumption that Smith carried the state because there are a great many Catholics there and they all voted for him is not altogether correct. Nowhere had he stronger or more enthusiastic support than in the old-time Yankee and Protestant sections like the Back Bay.

To so high a pitch did this rise that the Democratic state committee was almost embarrassed by the number of enthusiastic and uninvited offers it received from Back Bay Yankees to work for Smith. In cases where the habit of Republican loyalty prohibited a vote for him, there was the friendliest feeling—a feeling so friendly as to be mixed with hope—among the famous old families whose names have marked Massachusetts history, and for that matter American history. Since "old families" does not mean the same thing everywhere, it is well to say in an aside that in Massachusetts Republicanism they are still a power.

Not only did the wealthy and influential and "aristocratic" Protestants wish Smith well, but there was the same feeling among the less celebrated strata. Some of it came, of course, from sympathy with his views on prohibition, but in the main it came from approval of his liberalism—genuine liberalism, without the quotation marks and the capital letter. And, as one of the most eminent citizens of the state said to me, "They were tired of dumb-show in politics. Smith came and talked right out. It was the first time any politician ever had done so, and they liked the sound of it. He tried vainly to tempt his opponent into talking right out too; Mr. Hoover, like all previous candidates, continued to talk in dumb-show. There is at present in Massachusetts a great tiredness with dumb-show politics and dumb-show government."

Hence it was that blue-bloods who had been voting for the Adams family since 1796 and who went to

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school with John Harvard were wishing Smith well and, many of them, voting for him. The talk about his lowly origin and East Side dialect hurt him in more parvenu communities, but did not register with the Back Bay at all. As for the anti-Catholic talk, that helped him with them fully as much as it did with the Catholics. If this seems strange, it is again necessary to repeat that Massachusetts is unique.

Is there, then, no bigotry in Massachusetts? There is bigotry everywhere; there was plenty of it, last year, on the sidewalks of New York as well as away down by the Suwanee River. But there is less of it in Massachusetts than in any other state. It is not merely under cover, it is stamped out of sight with loathing whenever it creeps out from under a leaf; stamped out by Republicans, Democrats, Catholics and Protestants. No, it was not "the solid Catholic vote" that carried Massachusetts for Smith over a down-trodden Protestant minority.

Where, then, is there any bigotry, such as there is? One distinguished man of whom I inquired replied, "Only among the crassly uneducated." Another said that it was not to be found among real Yankees, but in the ranks of "the newcomers." I asked him who "the newcomers" were, and he replied, "The people who are coming in from Great Britain and the provinces." This gentleman was a man high in Democratic politics, and with no motive for minimizing "bigotry" if the raising of the bigotry cry would do the Democrats any good among Catholic voters. Another endorsed his statement, and specifically mentioned Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

I am not saying that Catholics did not support Smith. They did. The Republicans are accustomed to count on two-thirds of the French-Canadian vote as theirs, but did not get it last fall. It so alarmed them that Governor Allen has lately appointed a French Canadian from Marlboro to the bench, and the Republicans are pluming themselves in places like Fall River over the allegation that he is the first French Canadian ever to get to a judgeship—which, by the way, is not exactly the fact.

But on the other hand, Smith got the votes of more old-line, dyed-in-the-wool Yankees of the old stock than Woodrow Wilson ever did. His vote was the largest ever cast for any candidate of either party in the state, 793,000. The next highest vote for a Democrat was that cast in the same election for Senator Walsh, another Catholic, which was 448,000. That difference did not represent an abnormal and unnatural increase of Catholic voters; it represented something else.

All this sufficiently indicates the reason why both the Republicans and the Democrats try, with equal earnestness and equal success, to keep bigotry out of politics, and why Massachusetts is almost singular in that respect. In this state there was not even, last year, any of that behind-the-back-of-the-hand approval that was given by Republican politicians to Ku Klux rooters in other states, accompanied by official disclaimers. The Republican state committee shows up to advantage in this respect beside any other, and preeminently above Mr. Hoover's and Mr. Work's Republican National Committee.

Here is a curious instance of it. A stump speaker from another state appeared in Massachusetts, buttressed by introductions from high up in the national Republican machine. The organization put him on its list of speakers and was about to send him out in the state when a certain experienced politician suggested, "Wouldn't it be a good idea to look over his speeches and see if there isn't something anti-Catholic in them somewhere?" The resultant investigation sent the gentleman posting back home to report failure.

There was an anti-Catholic, anti-Smith, house-to-house canvass, conducted, of course, by women. The Republican state committee looked on in anguish and tore its hair. There was nothing the committee could do about it. The Democrats are the first to tell you so. The Democratic state committee will tell you so first of all. The canvass did not make any headway, except perhaps among the ignorant in the rural districts; and they were not likely to vote for Smith anyway.

The anti-Catholic propagandists in the other states, who made such havoc from St. Paul to Tallahassee, could by no means understand this singularity of Massachusetts; so they sent, hopefully, some "literature" into the Bay State. It seems to have been restricted entirely to copies of the Fellowship Forum; none of the still wilder ravings that were circulated in such states as Kentucky got into Massachusetts. These Fellowship Forums had the effect of enraging Protestants and Catholics alike and making votes for Smith; and lest somebody might miss them, Mr. Curley had them on exhibition at his headquarters.

And that, so far as one can guess unless his criminal proceedings against Mr. Liggett ever get to a court room, is the only basis for Liggett's charge that Curley circulated anti-Catholic literature. Curley is a Democrat and a Catholic. He had no official connection with the campaign, which was run by the state committee, but he is a perennial candidate for mayor and governor and intended to run again for mayor this year; so he established rather vivid headquarters at Young's Hotel and attracted more attention than the less obtrusive state committee did.

In any other state Liggett's speech would not be taken as injecting religion into politics. It was a charge of bad faith and political malpractice, that was all. But it was taken as an injection of religion into politics, and that fact alone magnificently illustrates the Bay state's sensitiveness on that point. Protestants and Catholics alike detest the subject so much that any mention of it, even such a sidewipe as Liggett's, raises everybody's gooseflesh. Hence ex-Governor Fuller's invitation to Jonah to step overboard. So sensitive is opinion there that the Boston Herald, which had an

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exclusive report of the speech, did not mention the charge in its headlines or in the first column, and one had to turn the page to read it. The Herald was aware that to mention prominently even the fact that Liggett had alluded to religion at all would involve it in the charge of dragging the subject into politics. And that, again, is a thing that could not happen in a newspaper office in any other state.

Theodore G. Joslin, the able Washington writer for the Boston Transcript, in a striking forecast of the national political situation, said a few days ago:

> Prohibition and religion, the issues which swayed more votes in the presidential campaign of 1928 than all others combined, excite the public mind to a greater extent today than at any time since they were raised. . . .
>
> Unless all signs fail, there is a row brewing that will make the 1930 elections more spectacular than any other off-year election in decades, and because of the two questions that have caused more bitterness than anything else since slavery—prohibition and religion.

He enumerates several states where the situation he predicts has already come to pass, such as Virginia. But if his prediction is fulfilled, the rest of the union may go as mad as it likes; no man will take his political life in his hands by raising the "religious" issue in Massachusetts. And for this the nation's thanks are due not so much to the two-party organizations as to the power to which they are bowing—public opinion; a public opinion created by Protestants as much as Catholics.

ERASING THE COLOR LINE

By FRANCIS J. GILLIGAN

TO THE Christian who seeks evidence of the beneficent influence of religion upon the social customs of America, the color line is an embarrassment. It conflicts sharply with the Christianity of the Gospel. Love for all men is basic to the teaching disclosed on the pages of the New Testament. The Palestinians were instructed to love their enemies and, like the Samaritan, to minister to the unfortunate irrespective of nationality. The Colossians were told that there is neither bond nor free and Christ is all and in all. But in the United States at the present time, the Negroes are generally despised, segregated and boycotted. Even in the promised land west of the Mississippi and north of Maryland, zealous efforts are made to exclude them from sanitary residential districts, schools, factories and respectable places of amusement. That color line was originally drawn by Christians; and it is now largely perpetuated by Christians.

The incompatibility between the ideals of their Master and their own race attitudes is recognized by a few Christians. But they despair of effecting a practical adjustment. The thought of mingling socially with a large number of Negroes is abhorrent. Even contacts with educated Negroes they find at times unpleasant, because of prejudice and the fear of the tar brush. They are bewildered, and they seek relief from perplexing reality in fanciful and inarticulate wishes that the colored would perish or migrate to Africa.

The situation is undoubtedly a trying one for many white Christians. But the practical attitude which they should adopt would emerge from its present nebulous position if Christians would manfully and earnestly face truths that are fundamental to the present problem. Several of those truths are obvious, but they warrant citation because a great many Americans are totally blind to them.

The first is that there is no likelihood that the sweet chariot will soon swing low and carry the entire colored group across the Jordan. The second is that the Negroes entertain no intention of migrating elsewhere. The third is that they could not be expatriated, because even nations in Africa would not accept them. The fourth is that they cannot be effectively segregated in any territory or section of this country. The fifth is that if the Negroes are to develop, and they have every right to develop, the discriminations in the commercial, industrial and cultural life of the nation must decrease. A citizen develops only in proportion as he enjoys the opportunity to enter into those phases of a country's life. The life of the nation is an organic whole woven through and through. It is not an aggregate of racial groups that are self-sustaining. No racial group which is perpetually restricted to ghettoes and to menial employment can ever hope to prosper.

During the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Negroes were despoiled of their primitive culture, transported across the sea, and left upon the shores of the new continent mentally and morally half-dead. The slavery which was yoked upon those people tended to crystallize the weaknesses begotten during the slave-trading period. Recently, although burdened with that heritage of ignorance, poverty and demoralization, they have struggled fiercely for opportunities which would not only guarantee personal advancement but which would also stir in the hearts of their children ambition and hope. But prejudice barred many doors against them. To that group, then, the white Christians have certainly some obligation to be good Samaritans. And the one practical way of performing that work of mercy, in addition, of course, to supporting missionary work among them, is to cooperate with them in their efforts to erase part of the color line. For they need not alms but economic and cultural opportunities.

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How is part of the color line to be erased? It will not be accomplished by merely telling the Christian that he should treat the Negro as a white man. For many Christians regard the practice of keeping the Negro "in his place" as an entirely justifiable procedure. Furthermore, the Christian moralists would probably concede the righteousness of treating the Negro somewhat differently because of the discomfort and repugnance experienced from contact with the colored. The basis of that discomfort is prejudice and the roots of that prejudice are misinformation and ignorance. The first movement, then, in the attempt to erase the color line must be educative. White Christians must be sensitized to the wrongs of the race problem. They must be taught that race contacts present a field in which the Commandments have application. False information must be corrected and ignorance must be balanced by knowledge of the achievements of the colored group. The roots must be destroyed before such an old and deeply embedded prejudice can be cut away.

The inauguration of such an educational campaign logically implies the previous formulation of a statement of objectives. And to many minds the formulation of objectives suggests insurmountable difficulties. If the program professes to be complete it should treat of interracial marriage, the validity of segregation, and other questions which are loaded with emotional explosives. Yet Christians are not agreed about the rightfulness of such practices; in fact they fervently disagree. That substantial objection, however, could for most practical purposes be discounted by a minimum program which would include only those objectives to which all Christians would unquestionably subscribe.

The educational objectives which would win, at the present time, the assent of every thoughtful Christian are:

1. The substitution of correct information for false beliefs about the Negroes.

2. An appreciation of their achievements in the arts and sciences.

3. A sensitiveness for the demands of justice in dealing with the colored.

The agencies for the promotion of the program must be the traditional three. Of the home, however, much cannot be expected at the present time since the parents themselves must be educated. In the church, the pulpit and the religious newspaper could be used effectively. Occasionally in sermons on Christian charity the congregation should be reminded that the obligation to love one's neighbor is not limited to the members of the white race, and that the practice of a double code of morality is always unchristian. The religious press could feature items treating of the achievements of the colored. A very informative article, for example, might be carried about the work of George Carver, the Negro chemist.

The parochial schools, of course, offer great opportunities to any movement designed to educate the Christian to become "race-minded." In those institutions the obstacle which will frequently stand in the path of such an educational policy will be that of traditional inactivity toward the problem. But that should be quickly driven from the path by references to the activities of public schools. In the civic classes of many public schools the children are familiarized with the progress of the colored group since emancipation; with their heroic struggles to purchase homes and farms; and with the singular scholastic achievements of those who attended college. They are also told of the improvement in race relations which has been effected by various humanitarian groups. In the English classes the students are introduced to the writing of Dunbar, Chestnutt and Cullen. If, in the interests of good citizenship, the race problem may be discussed in the public schools, it seems that in the interest of genuine Christianity it might also be studied in the parochial schools.

The task of correlating the race problem with religious instruction has evidently been attempted by non-Catholic sects. A number of interesting books have been prepared by individuals associated with those denominations. The Negro from Africa to America was written by the president of the Southern College of the Y. M. C. A. Christianity and the Race Problem was composed by the secretary of the International Missionary Council. Robert Speer prepared his Race and Race Relations for Sunday school classes. In 1923 the National Board of the Y.W. C. A. distributed a very suggestive outline for discussion courses in race relations. The following question is typical of the matter presented in the outline: "Should I as a Christian ever allow myself to be a party to the spread of propaganda against the Negro?" Those texts, though probably pedagogically defective, do indicate the practical treatment which the problem should receive in the religion courses in parochial schools throughout the country.

Obviously, the systematic introduction of such a program into religious schools will not solve the race problem. But it will furnish the foundation upon which every serious attempt to improve racial contacts must be based. Religious education is the instrument which the Christian Church must use in its attempt to erase part of the embarrassing color line.

To What Purpose Is This Waste?

What purpose? None, to all the shrewd and cold.
But love's abandon eases love's wild heart.
The squandering of that scented liquid gold
Shines like a work of art.

Yet all the poor may take their share by stealth;
None is too destitute for love's unthrift:
A broken alabaster box, their wealth;
And tears, their richest gift.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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CAN EUROPE BE UNITED?

By CARLO SFORZA

The Briand proposal for the unification of Europe may be, in part, an idealist's dream. But it proposes a solution for practical problems and may in time seem to have been inspired by plain necessities. In the following paper, Count Sforza draws upon his long experience as an Italian statesman and as a student of world affairs to make a case for the "idealistic tendency toward an organic reconstruction of a united Europe." Though concerned with immediate actualities, the paper reflects a comprehensive grasp of the meaning of history as a whole. Herein lies, we feel, its distinct value at the moment.—The Editors.

TO JUDGE the difficulties — and the paradoxes — of the work for an economic reconstruction of Europe, one has simply to make a comparison between a political yearbook of 1914 and one of 1929, between a map of 1914 and one with the boundaries of the Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon and Lausanne treaties.

In 1914 we had twenty-six customs systems and thirteen monetary systems; while, with the new treaties, we have thirty-six customs systems and twenty-seven monetary systems. The new ten customs entities mean, on the map of Europe, some five thousand miles of new frontiers—serious, hard-looking frontiers, with increasing tariffs on each side. And this phenomenon has taken place just when—whether one likes or not this historical fatality—industrial concentration has become the gospel of all the living nations, as the only means of reaching at the same time better salaries for the workmen and higher benefits for the employers.

Even without the great example of America's prosperity since the end of the secession war, the experiences of the last five or six generations of Europeans ought to have sufficed to show us, in Europe, the way to prosperity.

Before her Zollverein, Germany was a poor provincial nation. Italy was called the "garden of Europe"; but the standard of living there was one of the most modest among the western countries till the unification of the peninsula, in 1860, gave origin to a brilliant development of the industries from Turin to Milan, and ensured a wider market to the agriculturists of the south. When the world war broke out, Italy, under the wise democratic rule of Giolitti had reached one of the most hopeful situations in Europe. France, agriculturally rich as she has always been, became an industrial nation only after her Revolution suppressed, in 1791, the barriers which, under the ancien régime, divided the old provinces.

In Europe we are not as blind as our present breaking up into water-tight compartments might lead one to believe, to the folly of those ways which we seem to have adopted freely. There are facts even that go to prove that, here and there and everywhere, light is dawning and a reaction has set in. Only, these facts are little known, and why wonder? Errors and stupidities alone bear in themselves a strange potency of publicity. Good things are always tried and begun amid silence and indifference.

In point of fact, in Europe, the first step toward the coördination of productive forces has already been taken; this, under the guise of organizations linking together the different elements of the divers branches of production, organizations that — as far as they are themselves concerned—have not only ignored political boundaries, but have suppressed them. It would be too easy to belittle the phenomenon I allude to by asserting that, for instance, the Franco-German Potash Convention, the Franco-German Steel Pact, the Incandescent Lamp Cartel, etc., have the selfish aim of rationalizing production, of securing markets and of preventing dumping. Of course they have. But it is just because they are based on material necessities that they represent one of the hopeful beginnings of an organic widening of the economic European territory. A few more agreements like these will mean much more than a lot of optimistic, utopian speeches ever could.

Even among nations, and in spite of the nationalistic tendencies which seemed supreme at the end of the war, agreements begin to take place that one might define as the nucleus of regional ententes between groups of two or three nations. Luxemburg, the small sovereign state between Belgium and Germany, was, before the war, part of the German Zollverein; jealous as she was of her political independence, she knew that her prosperity depended on her economic union with the Reich. After the war, she refused to be annexed to Begium as, rather imprudently, some in Brussels and in Paris hoped she would be; but it is of her own free will that she has eventually accepted a complete Zollverein with Belgium.

Distant as the likelihood may seem today, the union between Belgium and Luxemburg will probably be quoted—in some more or less near future—as the nucleus out of which sprang the economic alliance between France, Germany and small adjoining countries, Holland included. I beg my American readers, whose ears are so frequently struck by the furious barking of nationalistic newspapers from both sides of the Rhine, not to believe that I am utopian in calmly speaking of a forthcoming economic union of the two countries between which peace, real peace, would mean peace all over the European continent. When the great industrial magnates, who for years have dictated words of hatred to their hired scribes, have discovered that they have much more to gain from a common entente (as I have shown that they are beginning to do)

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this will soon happen: French bourgeois reading their paper in the morning with their café au lait will no longer be warned that Germany is the "eternal enemy"; while more or less the same phenomenon will take place among the Germans.

Those who do not see this trend remind me of the innkeepers and postilons of the forties who, afraid of losing their jobs, organized popular demonstrations in Europe against the construction of railways. I know quite well that one may point to the excess of hatreds and nationalistic furores especially to be detected in the countries ruled by dictatorships. It is true that in these unhappy lands, the masses that can be reached by the speeches of the men in power are continually excited into paroxysms of stupid jingoism. But even these morbid phenomena show, when one looks serenely at them, that the road of Europe is to peace and concord and economic collaboration: indeed, the so-called "dictators" (I say so-called, because they are the first to be the slaves of artificial situations) give the proof, with their catch phrases, that no contact could exist in that abnormal atmosphere between them and their countries; only through feverish mob emotions may they hope to reach them, or the most noisy and least intelligent part of them.

Besides, why judge Europe on its dictatorial phenomena? What right has one to ignore the fact that, even in countries subjected to dictatorships, the best, the most intelligent elements—under the racket of the virulent oratory shouted from on high—are for a policy of European peace, of European coöperation? It would be a great mistake to suppose that dictatorships bring the able ones, the intelligent ones to the top. The contrary is true, and has always been. Dictatorships and autocratic régimes eliminate the critical and intelligent citizen; so it happened in Germany with the last of the Hohenzollerns. So always it happens everywhere.

But I go even farther: the very furore—verbal furore, generally—of the present dictatorships simply shows that they do not feel themselves safe, that they are not sure of their life. Thus it has always been in this world of ours. The French Terrorists just as the atmosphere was on the point of lightening, gave the impression that their riot of carnage would never cease. On the Flanders and Carso fronts between 1914 and 1918, the battle was never so violent as during the three or four months that separated us from the end of the war.

When discussing some years ago in the Italian Parliament the necessity—in which I deeply believed as Foreign Minister, and in which I believe now as a free citizen—for a policy of collaboration between Italy and Jugoslavia instead of the policy of hatred preached by the nationalists, I ended a speech from the government bench with these words: "No matter if the two peoples do not agree out of love; they must agree, sooner or later, out of sheer necessity."

So it happened at last. So it is going to happen now for Europe: and so much the better, after all, if it is out of sheer necessity.

The signs are already visible for those who can see through clouds and storms, even if "dictators" are still going on shouting, on behalf of their own personal schemes, about future "joyous wars." Already statesmen and diplomats who work for their countries and for peace—some do exist—are beginning to realize that the idealistic tendency for an organic reconstruction of a united Europe may help to solve hard problems of the day. One of them, for instance, is the Anschluss, the question of the union of Austria with Germany, which provokes in France so many fears and so many misgivings. The French Foreign Minister, Briand, has felt that France would put herself in a position devoid of dignity and of real strength by simply answering a surly "No." And when he sympathizes with the Austrian complaints, but answers to Vienna that their remedy is not Germany but Europe, this phrase has a deep meaning, if—as I believe that I may say without indiscretion—its signification is that the French statesman hopes to build, with the support of the League of Nations, a wider field for the economic life of Austria in central Europe. The same thing by the way, I had tried to do in 1921, when I helped, from Rome, in the creation of the Little Entente. But hatreds of the war were still too near then.

The times are ripening now: and not only because statesmen and economic élites begin to understand that the formula "Europe" may help them out of irksome actual difficulties, as is the case with the Anschluss; but because European solidarity is recognized as a fated necessity also by the masses who—in spite of the shouting of dictatorial mountebanks—have learned everywhere the true lesson of the war: that war is a risky and silly job; that war does not pay.

The slogan "United States of Europe" which begins, here and there, to come into fashion, has this meaning; and in this restricted meaning of economic alliances and customs federations, it is probably much less utopian, when one thinks of our deep differences of language, of tradition, of historical inheritance, than it might seem at first sight.

Peace

And now at length has peace come
  Like spears of rain through summer heat;
Like stars that break the frosty sky;
  Like gold to wheat.

Now wakens but a sad song:
  There is more joy in summer rain,
And winter stars, and autumn wheat;
  More peace in pain.

Now you are gone, so fear is,
  And hope, and wondering. Only peace
Comes as a want that dies from wanting.
  So this release.

NORBERT ENGELS.

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DERRY: CITY OF TWO TRADITIONS

By PADRAIC COLUM

I AM standing before the war monument that is in a principal place in Derry. The main figure looks like a caveman of the cruder ethnologist's fancy dressed up in a modern uniform: he is striving to dig the guts out of someone with a bayonet. Turning from this piece of ready-made ferocity I see two old women walking toward me; shawls are across their heads, and they have stunted figures and worn features. Behind them walks a burly member of the Ulster constabulary, a revolver dangling from his belt.

The Ulster poet whom I had visited had said to me, "Derry is half Londonderry and half Doire-Colmcille." She meant that half of the tradition of the place is from the settlement of London merchants and half from Saint Columba whose name is in the Gaelic form of the place-name. And because of that saying the two old women walking by the monument had become noticeable for me. They looked as if they might have approached the little cell that Columba had in the oak grove that gave a name to the place. The sight of the pair made me hope that I might come on something else that would give me the sense that I was in Doire-Colmcille.

Meanwhile I am certainly in Londonderry. With a friend of mine, a Derry man, I stop to read a placard that announces a celebration in connection with the anniversary of the Shutting of the Gates. My friend says: "I remember when we were neither ashamed nor afraid to lead off on a placard like this with 'The Glorious and Immortal Memory of the Great and Good King William, who saved us from Popery, Slavery, Arbitrary Government, brass money and wooden shoes. May our City never want Walkers nor Murrays in the hour of danger, and may the flag which undulates so triumphantly over Columbkill's Cathedral, never be struck for the gratification of temporarizers.' We don't write that on our placards now," he says, "but it's in our minds."

"It is all better expressed," I say, "in a song that has a good Irish tune to it:

> Where Foyle his swelling waters rolls northward to the main,
> Here, queen of Erin's daughters, fair Derry, fixed her reign;
> A holy temple crowned her, and commerce graced her street,
> A rampart wall was 'round her, the river at her feet;
> And here she sat alone, boys, and, looking from the hill,
> Vowed the maiden on her throne, boys, would be a maiden still.

Then without saying another word about the song or the placard we go into the factories where Derry's famous shirts and collars are being made. Business is thriving; between five and six thousand people are employed in this most prosperous branch of Ulster's linen industry. And as we walk through the town I note that the political interest of the townspeople seem to be pretty evenly balanced. Here is an Orange hall and here is a nationalist club. Saint Columba gives his name to a hall. But what is going on in this particular hall is a moving-picture featuring a starry-eyed young Californian. Droves of pigs are going down a street; we hear the bellowing of cattle as they are being loaded on trucks; we see poultry being taken away in crates: like every other town in Ireland that does business at all Derry is a market place.

And then we are on the walls thirty feet high that defended the original little town. These must have been the latest built city walls in Europe; I imagine that it was very soon after they were built that rampart-breaking artillery came into use. They are uncrumbled, and they make a promenade for visitors now. Looking from the walls I see the road which I had come along: high, green banks well planted with trees are along the Foyle. These green slopes with cattle quietly grazing on them make a scene that is pastoral enough to recall the old Doire, the old oak grove.

We walk along the Foyle toward its mouth. On one side are the bleak hills of Donegal, on the other, the cultivated fields of Derry County. Out of Derry, along the highway, Columba with his twelve companions sailed when he went to open his mission to the heathen of Scotland, the mission which made the small and remote island of Iona a sacred place, and made his own name known,

> not only through the whole of our Ireland and Britain, largest of the islands of the whole world, but to reach even as far as triangular Spain, and the Gauls, and Italy, that lies beyond the Penine Alps, even to the city of Rome itself, which is the head of all cities.

The stories told of the Gothic saints, says Spengler, bring over to us the feeling of the springtime of European civilization. The stories told about the Celtic saints bring over this feeling in a fuller measure. And the stories told about Colmcille—Saint Columba—and the poems attributed to him, bring over this feeling of springtime in the fullest measure of all. There is the episode of Columba bidding good-bye to the old laboring horse before his own death, which must be one of the most beautiful passages in the literature of biography. Scholars know that this episode comes over from the epic tradition, they know that the horse that weeps over the saint is a lowly relative of the steeds that wept over Achilles and Cuchullain. But, among the saints, it is only Columba that the episode could be told of:

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> And after this the saint goes out of the granary, and, returning to the monastery, sits down half-way at the place where afterward a cross, fixed in a mill-stone and standing to this day, is to be seen at the roadside. And while the saint, weary with age as I have said, rested there, sitting for a little while, behold the white horse, a faithful servant, runs up to him, the one that used to carry the milkpails to and fro between the byre and the monastery. He, coming up to the saint, wonderful to tell, lays his head against his breast—inspired, as I believe, by God, by Whose dispensation every animal has sense to perceive things according as its Creator Himself has ordained—knowing that his master was soon about to leave him and that he would see him no more began to whinny and to shed copious tears into the lap of the saint as though he had been a man, and weeping and foaming at the mouth. And the attendant seeing this, began to drive away the weeping mourner, but the saint forbade him, saying, "Let him alone, let him alone, for he loves me. Let him pour out the tears of his bitter lamentation into this my bosom. Lo! now, thou, man as thou art, and possessing a rational soul, couldst in no wise know anything about my departure hence save what I myself have just now told thee: but to this brute beast, devoid of reason, the Creator Himself has clearly in some way revealed that his master is about to go away from him." And so saying, he blessed his servant the horse as it sadly turned to go away from him.

Ireland at the time was influencing the history of the neighboring countries, not through force but through culture and humane ideas. Columba ordained a king of the Picts, and the ordination was made on Irish soil; the relations between the dominant Irish state and its colony in Scotland were settled by him in a way honorable to both communities. The biographer of Saint Columba shows us the Irish of Ulster as the arbiters of the affairs of the Picts, Gaels, Saxons and Britons; we see them constituting themselves the patrons and protectors of civilization in the British Islands. The springtime of European civilization was showing itself most promisingly in the Ireland of that period. But springtime there had no summer, and the later season brought disaster indeed. Says Holinshed of an English deputy in Ireland, Lord Grey:

> He rode to the north, and in his journey he razed Saint Patrick [his church in downe] and burnt the monuments of Patrick, Brigide and Colme, who are said to have been there interred. [Lord Grey was accused] that without any warrant from the king or council he profaned the church of Saint Patrick in Downe, turning it into a stable; and plucked it down and shipped the notable peal of bells that did hang in the steeple, meaning to have sent them to England.

Through men of this high-handed sort we got Londonderry instead of Doire-Colmcille. I stand with my friend who is a business man of Derry outside the Guild Hall. "We are carrying too much lead in our saddles," he says, "but we'll get along." His conversation abounds in military metaphors. Rubicund, stocky, standing with widespread legs, he looks, especially when his hand is raised, like one who might direct a battle. I can visualize him on horseback. He is speaking about the business done by the town. The export business is all right. But the Free State boundary cuts Derry off from its hinterland, the County Donegal. Then there is the monopolistic policy of Belfast that wants all the prosperity of the industrial north of Ireland for itself, and cares little about doing anything for the development of other Ulster towns—or so the people of Derry and other towns within the Belfast administration say. The business that Derry does as an emporium is cut into by the boundary that now divides the six northern counties from the rest of Ireland.

I offer the suggestion that Derry should have gone into the Free State. Economically that would have been the right policy, but it could never have been thought upon "by me and the like of me," says my friend. And then he points out a man who is coming toward us. "Look at him," he says, "and take your answer. That man had one of the best businesses in the town. He knew that the separation of Derry from the neighboring counties would leave him without any business. Yet, do you think he was for going into a state that you Papishes controlled? No fear. He used all his influence to have the northern counties left out of the Free State and to have Derry left with the northern counties. Look at him! That little parcel he is carrying is of samples of tea. He has no office now; he is going 'round selling tea to houses in the by-streets and farmers' cottages. And if you asked him if he would have his business back with Derry in the Free State, you'd get a short answer, I tell you, and that answer would not be in the affirmative. Good morrow, Mr. MacConnell!"

Mr. MacConnell passes, puffing at his pipe, a taciturn salesman. "You see," says my friend, "that we Protestants came here as a garrison, and we still have the feeling that we belong to a garrison. Did you ever see soldiers come into a town, swinging their horses as they turn down a street, looking as if they knew that they were the people that gave the orders and that the other people in the street were there to carry the orders out? Well, that's the way that the Protestants in the north of Ireland have been feeling. You'll say that we have nothing to feel superior about, and maybe I'll have to agree with you, but that's the way we have been feeling anyway, and a mere improvement in our business will not bring us into the Free State." I tell him that I fully sympathize with that kind of feeling.

I go into the Guild Hall, a new building, and look at the windows, new, too, which depict in stained glass the foundation of Londonderry and the later defense made by the townsmen against the enemies of the English Revolution. My heart goes out to a group of figures depicted on the glass—schoolboys in their long blue coats; they are being talked to by grave, or rather, by grim-looking merchants. The boys were orphans

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who were to become the original Derry Prentice Boys. The merchants belonged to some of the twelve London companies—Fishmongers', Skinners', Grocers', and the like—who were to rebuild a town in the north of Ireland and secure for themselves lands forfeited from the O'Neills and O'Cahans, Irishry who kept no ledgers, and who had been worsted in the continual wars.

These merchants had a king declare that he

> esteemed it a work worthy of a Christian prince to win and recall the same from superstition, rebellion, calamity and poverty to religion, obedience, sanity and splendor, which his Majesty conceived could not be effected, but by planting the same with British.

And so the London companies took over the whole county of Derry, the two towns of Derry and Coleraine, the fisheries of the Bann and Foyle, the woods of Glenconkeine. They had free customs and monopolies, and the king got out of it only a head rent. They rebuilt Derry, making "London" and "Derry" one name—the epoch of transferred and synthetic place-names had begun, and the simplicity which would name a place "the Oak-Grove of Calvach," or "the Meadow of the White Hazel" was gone out of the world. These Londonders, men and boys, built a good town here. For the next sixty or seventy years they were always on the edge of an attack. They built the walls which still stand—a carriage could drive along the top of them. And here, it seems to me, more than in any other place in England or Scotland, was produced the pioneer type that was to give such account of itself in remote America.

In the vestibule of Saint Columbkill's Cathedral I read the inscription:

> If stones could speke then London's prayse should sounde
> Who built this Church and Cittie from the grounde.

In this cathedral are relics of the siege that brought Derry into history—the great padlocks that closed the gates, weapons, proclamations, news letters of the period, the hollow shell in which the demand for the surrender of the town was flung among the garrison—the demand that brought back the "No Surrender" of the defenders.

A Protestant church in Ireland is always more storied than a Catholic one, which, in general, is newer, barer, less traditional. And, altogether apart from its association with the Derry of history, Saint Columbkill's with its banners commemorating British military victories, its tablets commemorating notable families, is a place of interest and charm. And as I walk among the graves that are around the cathedral I come upon names that are well known in early American annals; America must have received a great influx from this territory which already had produced the pioneer. I recall that General Wayne—"Mad Anthony Wayne"—was sprung from this stock, and that his father had taken part in the defense of Derry.

The defense of Derry was as decisive as any other event that took place in the Three Kingdoms in making for the triumph of the Revolution which English historians used to be so enthusiastic about, and which north of Ireland statesmen and publicists still look upon as beginning civilization. Londonderry became a place of refuge for the Protestants of the northern counties as King James's army advanced up north. Then came the attacks upon the city; they were bravely beaten back; then there was the beleaguerment from April to July when the inhabitants suffered famine and disease. At last a ship broke the bar and brought relief to Londonderry from the sea as its bells resounded with joyous defiance of the besieging guns.

There is a street in Derry named Longtower Street: it keeps the memory of an ancient round tower that stood there—a round tower that was part of the monastic buildings that were there in Columba's. Derry's Catholic church is there; as I go into it, Mass is being celebrated. In the congregation I see the two old women I had noticed in the street earlier in the day. They look as if they belonged to an archaic world—as if they might have been in that congregation for which Mass was said, Columba, as deacon, assisting, when, "on a certain day of solemnity the wine for the Sacrificial Mystery, by some chance, was not found." Then I say to myself:

> Time can wear the very stone:
> Ireland's eagles all have flown;
> Of things old her faith alone
> Stands unchanging and the same.

And as the two old women nodded over their rosaries they seemed to confirm my thoughts.

The Belfry

Like iron bells that swing across the sky
His heart has struck in loneliness tonight,
Shaking upon a world asleep and shy
A slow unchanging dirge for its delight.

But in the echoing turret of his breast
No shutter opened, no panic of ghostly birds
Stirred on the eaves. The white town lay at its rest,
The shady sky sent no reply to his words.

On the trembling ramparts he waited for dawn to waken
And send its voices answering his pain,
But the heavy waters continued to grope and thicken
No cloud sent down its long renewing rain.

In the cricket's interval the breath of sleep
Stirred where the drowsy tide of branches moved.
No star replied when he bade the planets weep.
He was left unheeded, unpitied and unreproved.

He stood alone where the silence moves and swells
Above the laurel's wide and waxen eyes.
In a lonely tower the slow and heavy bells
Were swung, but stirred no echoes or replies.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

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ON LITERARY TACT

By ABBOTT C. MARTIN

THE republication of Cooper's Gleanings in Europe,* after an interval of nearly a hundred years, has given rise to some curious questions about literary tact. Owing to what was considered a want of tact on the part of the author, the Gleanings, when they were originally published, received rather unfavorable reviews both in England and America. The present editor, it seems, is in some doubt whether we can reasonably demand that a literary work be written with tact. He suggests that "tact would seem a strange criterion to apply to literary work. The lack of it might lead to the dismissal of Shelley from Oxford, but surely not to the repudiation of his poems."

It is obvious that there is a curious confusion here between social and literary tact. Is one to imagine that the authorities who actually dismissed Shelley from Oxford conquered their prejudices and became ardent Shelleyans in the sequel? Or that the present-day admirers of Shelley condone his dismissal, "for contumacy" as Arnold tells us? "If Carlyle had been tactful," the editor continues, "many of his most striking thoughts would have remained unspoken." Readers of Quiller-Couch's pleasant book, On the Art of Writing, may perhaps remember his comments on Carlyle; they seem to me effectively to refute the idea that ultimate excellence in literature can be achieved without tact. Carlyle's explosiveness has lost its old spell; the glow of his moral fervor burning at white heat no longer engages our interest. We have seen too much of Boards of Temperance and Public Morals since his time.

Tact, it would seem, so far from being a "strange criterion to apply to literary work," is of the essence of good writing, at least of good writing that will live by its literary worth alone. We must not overlook the fact that men's prejudices count for much, even in their literary judgments, and tact is the means by which an author overcomes the paralyzing effect of prejudice. An honest aristocrat, blind, if you please, but sincere, might reasonably object to Shelley's Song to the Men of England on the ground that it wanted tact:

> "Men of England, wherefore plow
> For the lords who lay ye low?
> Wherefore weave with toil and care
> The rich robes your tyrants wear?
>
> "Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
> From the cradle to the grave,
> Those ungrateful drones who would
> Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?"

The lords of England are most of them neither tyrants nor drones; if this is owing to Shelley's poetry, I think more credit may be given the Julian and Maddalo than the lines just quoted.

It is true that in works concerned with transitory evils, we are not surprised to discover a certain aggressiveness and want of tact. A man dealing with the social problems of his age may by his forcefulness and his timeliness cause his writings to be considered as great literature; but, as posterity gradually ignores the problems which he attempted to solve, or rejects the solutions which he offered, only the most consummate literary art can save his works from oblivion.

Want of tact is the weapon employed by the pioneers of progress; a necessary weapon, perhaps, in the face of the obstinate and persistent evils of this world, but men are rarely happy in the use of it. Tact is to a book what good manners are to a gentlemen; the gentleman can fight, too, if need be, but he fights in a different manner from the mercenary, from the propagandist or the enthusiast.

It has been suggested, in the introduction to Cooper's book, that all the virulent writers of our early days stand justified by Mr. Mencken. "Most of those characteristics which offended a sentimental Scott-reading age should count as virtues with a generation that can now tolerate a Mencken." On the face of it, this is a plausible statement. It is true that Mr. Mencken has no tact. But we must not make the mistake of thinking that the willingness of Mr. Mencken's public to forego that quality denotes a general disregard of the question. Mr. Mencken's public is in the main a new public; it has not become careless of tact, it has never known it. It will be remembered with what devastating effect Stuart P. Sherman applied to Mr. Mencken on one occasion the little maxim of Joubert: "Ou il n'y a pas de délicatesse, il n'y a pas de littérature."

Society is organic, and some force is ever at work in it to prevent a hardening of the arteries. The aristocrats of the old order are swept away by political and economic, even by intellectual revolutions. New people assume the power and the responsibility of the body politic. The literature which expresses this force, which helps the middle classes fight their battle, is the literature of struggle. A struggle is rarely tactful. Nor is it necessarily noble. It is not innately noble if the aim is merely to oust the ins in favor of the outs. It is quite true that if Carlyle had been tactful, many of his most striking thoughts would never have been uttered. Carlyle said that literature is a quarrel. To Keats it was a joy forever. "If poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all." Truth is no quarrel, beauty is no quarrel. Happy is the man who is at ease in Zion.

* *Cooper's Gleanings in Europe, by Robert E. Spiller. New York: Oxford University Press.*

The Barberry Bush

They who choose flowers
Without a thorn,
Saw her by the barberry bush
And laughed with scorn.

Among the yellow flowers
Herself had taken root,
And watched with eagerness
Each tender shoot.

Though the thorns dug deep
When the flowers fell,
The bee who sucked the sweet
Had much to tell.

Though the crimson berry
Was bitter on her tongue,
The acid in her heart's blood
Made her strong.

Though her clinging hands
Were bleeding at the touch,
Other flowers did not
Matter much.

BORGHILD LEE.

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THE PLAY AND OTHER THINGS

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Soldiers and Women

A NEW play by Paul Hervey Fox and George Tilton . . . a starring vehicle for Violet Heming and A. E. Anson . . . an insufferably hot military outpost of the British empire in Baluchistan, northern India . . . intrigue, murder and the elements of a detective story in which the audience knows the mystery in advance . . . a few excellent situations and a good deal of unnecessarily bald language. There you have Soldiers and Women in a nutshell.

As Mr. Robert Benchley has already pointed out, the third act is by all odds the most ingenious, since it is here that circumstantial evidence is piled up in such a way as to extract a confession from the guilty party, and yet not one link in the chain is sound. The wife of the commanding officer intends to shoot one man and, by mistake, kills another. The visiting general who conducts the investigation proceeds to work out a theory of the crime, a motive for the murder (when there was none) the method in which it was accomplished (which is all wrong) the way in which the murderess covered up her footsteps (which was not the way at all) and to connect incriminating clues (each one of which had a perfectly innocent explanation). At last Brenda Ritchie gives up—but with all the scorn which a proud woman might have of the assured certainty of men's erring minds. As a bit of irony, it is quite unusual and effective. The rest of the play is mediocre, and many of its physiological remarks display the very opposite quality to artistic restraint.

Violet Heming as the morose and scornful Brenda Ritchie overacts so perpetually that her performance gives little or no pleasure. The part itself is rather thankless, but if carried off with a little subtlety might prove a real opportunity to a skilled actress. It is the sort of thing Katherine Cornell would surround with considerable glamour and suggestions of hidden meanings. The part of the old general who has a score to clear with Brenda reaches, as played by A. E. Anson, just that added stage of importance which a good actor can impart. Many of the minor parts are well taken, with Derek Glynne and Verree Teasdale doing conspicuously good work. In fact, Miss Teasdale is so much better than Miss Heming that a change of rôles might tone up the whole effect of the evening. (At the Ritz Theatre.)

The Actor as Artist

SOMETIMES it appears that the actor lives in an unfriendly world—not, of course, in the sense of having no friends, no admirers, no willing press agents and no applause, but surely in the sense of having his most secret instinct attacked as spurious. What I mean is that acting as a fine art either is looked down upon by nine out of ten creative artists, or they deny the very possibility of its existence. The actor, so they say, is not truly a creative artist at all. He is merely a mimic, pretending to be a personality he is not, uttering lines put into his mouth by someone else and faking emotions he does not feel. Ask the really fine actor what he thinks of this view of his work, and you will rapidly find why he thinks he lives in an unfriendly world.

The trouble lies, I believe, in our popular misuse of the phrase "creative art." We use it ordinarily to describe the process of bringing something out of what is apparently nothing. We speak of the novelist as creating certain characters, as of the painter as creating certain moods or impressions, and we say in each case that it is done out of something so intangible as his imagination—virtually out of nothing. The truth is that this process which we admire so extravagantly is one of reproduction rather than creation. Just because it goes on inside the brain of the artist is no reason for assuming that it uses no objective materials. The sunset stirs a mood of melancholy in the painter. Months later, perhaps, a chance happening recalls the mood. He does not remember the particular details of the scene, but he finds some other symbol to express the mood, perhaps death, and gives it form on his canvas. He is reproducing in objective form a mood stimulated by an objective happening. The novelist has his resentment awakened by a character or group of characters. The resentment lives until, some day, he gives it objective expression in a group of characters he holds up to scorn—not portraits of the identical characters he has known, but true symbols of those characters. He, too, is reproducing. We call it creating, because we have not watched the long processes which have been at work within his mind.

Now let us glance for a moment at the actor. He is given objective materials—a situation, words, the suggestions of emotion. He is asked to bring them to life from the dead pages of a manuscript. What must he do? First, try to find that own depth in his nature which responds to and understands the character he is asked to portray. He may never have robbed a bank to keep his daughter in fine feathers. But if he is an artist—that is, a man of many potentialities—there is undoubtedly a side of his character which could rob a bank under similar circumstances, and has never done so simply because, as a person, he has brought that impulse under the control of reason and will. To portray the bank robber successfully on the stage (and that means to carry across to an audience a genuine illusion) he must bring to life, as one might rub a frozen hand, that possible self which understands how a man might rob a bank. If he is merely an actor (as painters may be merely draughtsmen and novelists merely reporters) he will succeed only in giving the outer aspects of the character and fail to carry conviction. But if he is a true artist, he will reproduce from within himself the character stimulated by the objective materials of the play. At least once during rehearsals, he will have felt the thief within him as surely as the artist felt death when he looked upon the sunset or as the novelist felt resentment when he moved among a certain group of people. And during that moment of rehearsal the artist-actor will establish the pattern of his part. He may not go through the same emotions at every performance—just as the novelist may not feel his resentment during the months it takes to complete a book. But in the setting of the original pattern, the actor has reproduced (or "created," if that word must be used) a work of art as truly as any other man who claims the title of creative artist.

The soul of the artist, which possesses a great many selves, and in this sense is not unlike the soul of a saint or a sinner, can express itself in myriad forms—and one of them I maintain stoutly, is when bedecked in grease paint and costume before blinding footlights. The more he is the true artist, the more the actor is being one possible part of himself, and not, as his rival artists would pretend, a paltry mimic.

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COMMUNICATIONS

A COMMENTARY ON MR. ATTWATER

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The issue of The Commonweal for July 24 came out just as I was on my way home from a long cruise in the eastern Mediterranean, and I did not see Mr. Donald Attwater's stimulating article, This Talk about Art, until it was recently called to my attention by an indignant friend. This may be a case where I am expected to say a few words which, with your permission, I will do, as follows:

In the first place, I agree with practically all of Mr. Attwater's premises. I simply deny his conclusions. That is perhaps the chief trouble with contemporary society: our facts are all right but our inferences and deductions do not follow from the premises. It is quite true that the Church as an organism did not foster "art for art's sake," she simply took the best that was available (note the adjective) and kept avidly asking for better, so, by her patronage and munificence fostering art, and good art, indirectly. This at least is true of the Church in the West. In the East the hierarchy simply dominated art, laying down the most meticulous rules as to how it should manifest itself. It may be noted that it was this same prescribed art (in painting) that, after the deplorable Fourth Crusade and the sack of Constantinople, furnished the basis of the pictorial art of the West for several hundred years. On the other hand, it was Catholicism as a spiritual entity and energizing force that inspired all the artists of Christendom. In this sense not the Church, truly, but the Catholic faith (and works) was "the mother of the arts." This, I think, is the only gloss I would make on Mr. Attwater's premises.

Now I submit that the non sequitur of his conclusions is quite convincingly shown in one sentence that, in itself, is as true as gospel. "We Catholics are living, whether we like it or not, in a civilization and organization of society which owes its peculiarities to the un-Catholic renaissance and the anti-Catholic Reformation." Now, therefore, this being so, architects and other artists must under no circumstances try (after four centuries of artistic dark ages) to recover some of the forms, or even the spirit, of the art of Catholic society, but must confine themselves solely to the form and the spirit of what has been evolved as "art" by this same un-Catholic and anti-Catholic society. Q. E. D.

Saving his presence, I decline to do anything of the kind, and I earnestly beg other artists of all sorts to make the same denial, and the hierarchy and clergy to refuse to accept this "new" art when it is offered them.

It is not that I find fault with the new architecture which men of great genius have devised to express the quality and the functions and the operation of this same civilization, the genesis of which Mr. Attwater has so admirably described—the vagaries emanating from the other arts are simply not "art" at all, while they are most invincibly, and therefore damnably, ugly. The new architecture of a technological and industrial society is superb, no less, and it is, as all art should be, magnificently expressive and representative. Which is precisely the reason why under no circumstances whatever can it be used as an exponent of the Catholic faith. The experiment has been tried. Mr. Attwater suggests the results may be found in France, Spain and the Rhineland. If he means the abortive and never-to-be-finished Sagrada Familia in Barcelona and the church at Raincy in France, it needs only a look at these to convince one that if the Catholic Church takes up this sort of thing, it will take another Counter-reformation to save her from temporary and condign eclipse.

No, it is just another case of that reversal of values that is showing itself in so many other categories of life. The Church must, at this crisis, stand for right values for at the moment no one else seems willing or able to do so.

No one would claim that the recovery of good art in the service of religion that has been going on now for twenty-five years has reached its term. Only a beginning, though a good beginning, has been made; eventually something far finer and more vital will be achieved. The only point is, that the Catholic art of a thousand years, from Hagia Sophia to Salamanca, Le Mans and Gloucester is a better basis to work on, and from, than the "alive, distinctive, up-to-date, unecclesiastical" art which has had such a ludicrous showing in France and is the product of about twenty years of ingenious activity on the part of the exponents of an "un-Catholic, anti-Catholic" civilization.

Mr. Attwater is not wholly consistent. In his advocacy of "alive, distinctive, up-to-date, unecclesiastical" modernism, ought he not also to urge that the liturgy should be translated into the vernacular, the sacred ministers at Mass be dressed in morning coats and grey trousers and the music made conformable to the principles of jazz? Why stop half way in the surrender of fundamental truths to temporary and probably evanescent fancies?

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

THIS TALK ABOUT ART

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Referring to the able article on This Talk about Art, by Donald Attwater, which appeared in a recent issue of The Commonweal, may I suggest with diffidence that there is another side to the subject? Some of us are afraid of being stampeded into strange pastures, or even into an art "apostasy."

When "the Church mothered the arts" by, as we are told, "simply being a colossal consumer," did not the artificers of those times manage in some way to get nearer to the true spirit of Christianity and to the innermost ideals of God? The devils with their grinning gargoyles were outside the sacred edifices, while within were the saints keeping perpetual vigil, surrounded by an environment of consecrated convention—a sanctuary fixed eternal amid a changing world.

What spiritual advantage would there be in substituting for this established order, a crude and barbaric modernism without atmosphere or meaning? It might be called self-expression or in tune with the Zeitgeist, this building up of temples from blocks of obscene concrete, reinforced by Bessemer steel, or some other absurdly named device, giving an appearance of stability to the crumbling work of a vanishing age. But who prefers self to the soul of the Church? The towers of Babel may scrape the sky but will never reach unto heaven. The happy birds, typifying divine ideas and saintly souls, that sing and fly round mediaeval altars will remain safe in their nest, chanting the gratitude of time amid the glories of eternity, and the cuckoos of egotism and self-seeking will never oust them. It may be hoped that some Jesuit father, or other learned authority, will develop the idea which has been here only adumbrated.

WALTER CHARLES COPELAND.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF HUMANISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Humanism as a mode of life and a means of ensuring future social stability is receiving the attention of a constantly widening circle of modern thinkers. For the most part its advocates are sincere and constructive. They are at one in condemning the "modern revolt" with its extremes of "naturism" and inanity, its intellectual and moral confusion, and are seeking to redefine and preserve really permanent human and social values.

Humanism, according to these modern exponents, seeks to draw from every source of life and knowledge in the development of the mature modern man, whose chief moral characteristics are self-control and a willingness to sacrifice personal desires for the benefit of larger social needs. Religion in some form, it would seem, is necessary; for it is pointed out that life must contain something more than science, that man, as Professor Irving Babbit has said, will never be satisfied with mere rationalness, but that by the higher will or "faith," he must be capable of an enthusiasm which is over and above his rational self.

Thus conceived humanism doubtless has its ethical and moral values, but it is none the less difficult to understand how it alone can fulfill the purposes of its sponsors, or be kept from sinking to the level of mere humanitarianism, the ultimate outcome of which is scientific materialism, or as applied to human relations, Bolshevism. Yet it is precisely this eventual outcome of modern tendencies of thought that the humanist is seeking to avoid.

As Mr. G. K. Chesterton has recently pointed out, humanism in the best sense, though including many truths known to pagan antiquity, is essentially a product of Catholic faith and tradition and to divorce it from that tradition is to sever it from solid foundations and eventually to reduce it to the level of the mere animal Cardinal Newman, it will be remembered, expressed a similar thought when he said that there can be no middle ground ultimately between Catholicism and agnosticism.

The great achievement of the Catholic Church throughout history lies in the extent to which it has fostered and presumed an enlightened faith, together with its affirmation of the free moral personality of the individual and the latter's responsibility as a member of society. The whole life of the Church is thus directed toward the development of sound individualism —the "inner" control and enthusiasm in the light of faith which the humanist is seeking—and the application of the critical or scientific method in the humanistic sense, to the search for means of social betterment.

CLARENCE J. MCCABE.

I HAVE MET THE ARCHBISHOP

Ridgefield, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Week by week I read The Commonweal with a great deal of pleasure. The recent article of J. Desbriere Irwin is worth while commending. I have known the Holy Ghost Fathers for many years and have had many personal contacts with them. They are all unostentatious, zealous, devoted missionaries, doing splendid work for the American Negro, in addition to their numerous other occupations.

It was indeed a delight to read this splendid account of one of their number—Bishop Barrat.

GEORGE LOUNSBURY ROCKWELL, SR.

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BOOKS

A Lady of Letters

Alice Meynell: A Memoir, by Viola Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

ALICE MEYNELL'S writing daughter has done her work well. Whether her writing son might not have done it even better is a question one is bound to ask more than once before finishing the book. Death interrupted Everard Meynell's project of doing a life of his mother, which must have been a companion-piece, in actuality if not in plan, to his beautiful life of Francis Thompson; and the excerpts from his notes are among the most stirring and revealing portions of his sister's volume. However, that sister's own work has been so carefully done, is at once so loving and so self-effacing, that one feels entirely the solid value of its materials, and very largely the absorbing charm of its subject. If it does not seem quite satisfying and final, that is probably the subject's fault as much as the biographer's.

No writer ever lived with a more strictly direct intention, a more austerely truthful mind, than Alice Meynell; yet, though this is felt to the full in her work, it is hard to define the quality of that work, or to assent to definitions of it. No woman ever had a deeper or less capricious belief in human obligations, a more selfless or tender love for her friends; yet, though her friends felt the grace of this bestowal, they were apt to feel, too, that something was being denied them. This sense of loss flashed fitfully in the troubled pleas of Francis Thompson, and actually shadowed the whole later period of Coventry Patmore's relation with her. She did not, and does not, communicate her whole literary or her whole personal quality easily. Her delicacies of reserve, her separateness, choiceness, are probably no more to blame for this than that other thing which she so surprisingly combined with them—sheer variousness, abundance. It is not easy to confine a nature both so rare and so full within a simple emotion or a simple idea. We feel that she was a unity, but the name for it escapes us. If it is ever captured, her daughter's dedicated labor here, which gradually and as it were unconsciously makes the difficulty clear, will have been a most important step.

Some of its points, it is true, have been anticipated. The life of Thompson dealt with the poet's long intimacy with the Meynell family. Meredith's romantically intense devotion to Mrs. Meynell was bared upon the publication of their correspondence. Anne Kemball Tuell's brilliant study, though literary rather than personal, limned in the fascinating and incredible Meynell menage, with its seven children playing at being editors under the library table while their parents slaved away at the literal reality above it; and indicated the humorous aspect of the growth of Alice Meynell's fame, with Max Beerbohm's respectful but firm deprecation thereof: "In a few years Mrs. Meynell will have become a sort of substitute for the English Sabbath." But this book is full of the intimate detail which makes such outlines into realities.

The beginning chapters give an account of Alice Meynell's parents—the sweet, spontaneous, mercurial mother, the cultivated, fastidious father whom the daughter must have much resembled—and of her childhood, spent largely in Italy, to which a lifelong devotion was thus sown. Dickens smiled upon her babyhood and Ruskin upon her youth. Her conversion to Catholicism—of which Viola Meynell says: "Not a single act of hers, in life or literature, was not pledged and bound by her when she chose that law"—came in her girlhood. Her

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NEXT WEEK

Few men are as well qualified as Dr. John A. Ryan to write on practical economics. We therefore attach high importance to a forthcoming series of articles on UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, the first of which will appear in our next issue. The report of the Senate Committee on Unemployment, the general subject of the series, is discussed in this paper from the standpoint of those facts which the Committee clearly understood and for which they proposed remedies. . . . All the world has been carefully watching Palestine, where problems definitely international in implication still await a solution, and an exposition of the causes of the present Arab insurrection takes on a particular timeliness. Adam Day's paper, THE DESERT AND THE SOWN, is a reasonably equitable presentation of the current imbroglio. . . . Now that the independent state of the Vatican is a reality, Riccardo Savini, an Italian essayist, sends us an interesting article on the handling of papal funds and draws the conclusion that the Vatican will eventually establish a bank of its own. . . . That spirit of tolerance which singularized the settlement of Maryland also seeded in Virginia, for there the Brent family opened a tract where religion might be freely exercised. In THE ACQUIA SETTLEMENT, Father Walter J. Nott traces the history of this colony and tells how it is being commemorated today. . . . INDIANS! Cullen Brattain's charming sketch, however, departs from the conventional idea of America's aborigines and opens with the march of an Indian cavalcade toward mass at one of the missions of the great Northwest. . . . Editorial comment on current events, communications, theatrical criticisms, poetry and book reviews will find their usual place in the magazine.

marriage to Wilfrid Meynell, completely happy, was not a marriage of fortune. It committed them both to a lifetime of journalism, of writing "on demand." It is no easier to understand how she preserved her always fragile health under the extraordinary strain than it is to understand how she preserved the concentration and exquisiteness of her poetry and prose. But there was, almost to the end of her long life, a steady growth in the power of vigorous and lovely creation, as the mounting volumes of her collected work show.

Alice Meynell's writing is of the first importance, and will never lack commentators and analysts. There is no attempt at literary judgment in this book, and we do not miss it. What we could not afford to miss are the pictures of the perfect home life she created, with its happy gaiety and its deep devotion; the accounts of the delicate, magnanimous love which, when her children were grown, inspired in her manner "that vigilance and courtesy that people use toward greatly honored friends," and "made her prize their grown-up love as if it were more than she could expect"; the record of the humility which made her, an ardent suffragist and the most honored woman in London, always a little diffident without her husband's supporting presence. Viola Meynell has rifled her rich family archives for us, and we are very grateful.

MARY KOLARS.

An Austrian Catholic Dramatist

Schauspiele, by Max Mell. Munich: Verlag der Bremer Presse. 7 marks.

WHEN the vociferous chorus of the expressionists in Germany and Austria began to die away, it became possible to hear a new note in literature. In Austria and along the Catholic Rhineland a number of poets had been working quietly, giving expression to simple emotions, the unspoiled but not the less dramatic life of the country, the deep faith of the peasantry untouched by industrialism and unaffected by revolution. In Vienna Richard Billinger and Max Mell were doing this in lyric poetry, and the latter has established himself, for a wide audience, as the most considerable of the younger German dramatists.

The first play in this volume, Das Nachfolger Christi Spiel, was produced last January in the celebrated Burgtheater of Vienna, and had an immediate success; its deep religious emotion, its beauty of language and its artistic sincerity won it recognition in one of the chief centres of German dramatic art.

The Play of the Imitator of Christ shows us an Austrian village after the Turkish wars. The squire had once been a crusader, and had received an inscribed sword from the emir of Jerusalem. This had saved his property from the general devastation, but his good fortune, in gratitude for which he is preparing to erect a great crucifix on the hillside, has merely provoked envy and suspicion among his tenants. They ally themselves with a band of marauders who determine to attack the defenseless castle—for the master had sent his retainers with his daughters to bring back the sculptor who is making the figure of the Crucified to place on the monumental cross. The squire is seized and severely handled by the brigands, who then tie him to the great cross lying in the castle yard. Imperial troops arrive and are about to deal summary justice to the robbers, when the squire intervenes and begs that their lives shall be spared. The commander at first refuses, but is won over by the squire's sudden death, and the scene closes with the conversion of the robbers and the faithless peasants, just as the daughters return with the sculptor and the great

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figure of the Crucified. Thus barely narrated the theme might seem sentimental, but the writer's handling of his material, the loftiness of his poetry and the deep emotion of several scenes, together with the simplicity and naturalness of the earlier, more stirring scenes, with their skilful portrayal of the Austrian peasantry—all these give virility and genuineness.

The same may be said of the next play, Das Apostelspiel, in spite of its use of rather forced coincidence. In the last play, Das Schutzengelspiel, The Play of the Guardian Angel, the writer has perhaps overreached himself in his ingenuity. A young girl noted for her piety—and again the characterization is entirely natural and lifelike—has despised a wretched woman, notorious in the village for her evil life. Her guardian angel reproves her for her lack of charity, and declares that he will leave her unless she shows her penitence by standing in the village street and offering herself in marriage to any man who may pass. She does so, and this leads to some scenes of broad comedy, quite in the spirit of the mediaeval French or English mystery play. The most eligible suitor, Jorg, unfortunately arrives too late—the girl has just accepted the village drunkard. Amid the taunts of her friends, the despair and rage of her parents, preparations for the humiliating marriage are made, when suddenly the old toper disappears, and Jorg comes, all in wedding array, to claim her. An angel has appeared to him and told him that he has played the part of the worthless old suitor so as to test the girl's repentance. It is the least successful of the three plays, but it does not lack passages of beauty and fresh vigor.

These plays of Max Mell strike a new and most welcome note, and deserve the attention of all students of drama.

JOHN STAPLETON.

The Nation at Work

The Useful Art of Economics, by George Soule. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A MORE expressive, even though impossible, title for this book would be: Some Defects in the Operation of Our Industrial Plant and Some Suggestions for Removing Them through Various Forms of Social Control. Except with regard to the first chapter, the actual title of the volume is only slightly and vaguely appropriate. Criticism of the assumptions and method of classical economics, and emphasis upon economics as an art rather than a science, form the burden of the first chapter. The subsequent ten chapters deal with the way the national industrial plant works, the problems involved in making it work better, including the problems of agriculture and of international trade, and the instruments and possibilities of social control. The chapter entitled What About the Farmer? is one of the best brief presentations which I have seen of the farm problem and the proposed solutions. Clear and comprehensive treatment is also accorded to international trade and the particular sore spots in our industrial system. Indeed the descriptive part of the volume is everywhere lucid and easily understood.

The proposals for better social control for the sake of wider social welfare are not revolutionary. They fall mainly under the heads of taxation, public control of prices and profits, organization of labor, wider opportunity for the exercise of their creative faculties in industry by the workers, and various forms of public ownership and operation. High income and inheritance taxes together with the taxation of surplus profits are recommended as means of effecting better distribution. The last-mentioned proposal is intended for industries which are

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in part competitive, but which are "dominated by one or more very large concerns." An industry which suffers from too much competition should be encouraged to set up mergers, combinations or other means of coöperative control, with the understanding that excess profits would be recaptured through taxation whenever they were produced by extortionate prices. "In certain cases price regulation might also be attempted." Public ownership is recommended, not only for public utilities which cannot be adequately regulated, but also as a method of competition in industries which cannot otherwise be prevented from charging excessive prices to the consumer.

The difficulties and advantages of public ownership and operation are fairly, though briefly set forth on pages 209-212. It is pointed out that this method of economic control need not be a bureaucracy; that the "publicly owned corporation," as exemplified in the Canadian national railways and the Port of New York Authority, avoids the evils of mediocrity and routine operation to which the ordinary governmental bureau is subject, and includes all the good features of the private corporation. The benefits of labor organization and of stimulating the creative talent of the workers are briefly and effectively described. From the view-point of adequate remedies, the least satisfactory chapter in the volume is perhaps the one entitled Keeping the Plant Running Steadily. However, this is not a just ground of criticism. No other person or group of persons, not even the experts who under the direction of Mr. Hoover produced the two bulky volumes on Recent Economic Changes, have solved or even pretended to solve this, the most baffling problem of American industry.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Army Medicos

A History of the Medical Department of the United States Army, by P. M. Ashburn. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

ALTHOUGH special histories have the elbow-room to be more suggestive and all-embracing than general ones, and although the C.O. of the Army Medical Library is not unknown as a personality and a vigorous writer, it was nevertheless a surprise to be kept up after hours by the delightful manner in which Colonel Ashburn has handled his topic. Beginning with the year 1775 he sweeps through the Revolution in one chapter, and yet has time to quote extensively; as for example: "I was answered that the malignancy and mortality of Princeton hospital bore no comparison with theirs [at Bethlehem]: that at Bethlehem not an orderly man or nurse escaped, and but few of the surgeons: that one surgeon, Joseph Harrison, a fine young fellow, distinguished for his assiduity, had died. He then asked me how many I supposed would ever join the regiment. I guessed a third or a fourth part. He declared solemnly that not three would ever return; that one man had joined his regiment; that another was convalescent and might possibly recover: but that the only remaining one besides was in the last stage of the colliquative flux and must soon die. I was obliged to acknowledge the hospital at Bethlehem had been more fatal than that at Princeton."

It is interesting to find that Benjamin Rush, one of the five physicians among the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, is rated much lower in this history than in the common opinion of medical men today who have made him one of the apostles of American medical science. It is even definitely stated that Rush was involved in the Conway Cabal.

Of this period in general, it is stated that "the history of the

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Medical Department during the Revolution includes far too much of medical quarrels and charges of incompetency. Of the four directors general, one was tried and two others dismissed. We find little in which to take great pride."

The volume is a model of consecutive treatment of its subject and one follows the Medical Department and with it the army itself and with the army the progress of civilization in the last century, from that period when blood-letting and the administration of calomel to the point of salivation were the sole treatment of inflammatory diseases. The length to which these treatments were carried is suggested by the following from the pen of Dr. Thomas Lawson, later Surgeon General: "In the event of the stomach's being so irritable as to reject everything, I administer copious draughts of warm water or chamomile tea, and afterward a cordial anodyne. The irritability being thus allayed, 15 or 20 grains of calomel can be given on the following day with advantage. . . . "

During the first quarter of 1821, "the southern division was unusually healthy, the total number of deaths being 42: of which 8 occurred at Baton Rouge in a command of 372 men, with 347 sick." Typhoid, malaria, alcoholism were overwhelming woes; scurvy and starvation were not rare. An enthusiastic assistant surgeon reports that in treating certain cases of "enteric inflammation," "the practice was to bleed freely at every return of the paroxysm of pain. The abstraction of blood, which could in no case be dispensed with, it was necessary not infrequently to repeat several times in the day. Until pain and inflammation had been subdued by blood-letting, no medicine was of any avail as a cathartic. Calomel, castor oil, senna, salts, etc., were then administered freely, but the calomel did not afford that relief which might have been anticipated. Although used with great freedom, but two cases of ptyalism occurred. Enemata of tartar emetic, and castor oil and salts combined with laudanum, were incessantly employed, as were also hot baths. Wherever blisters could be conveniently placed, they were applied, and opium was freely given occasionally."

The tabulated "casualties" of the Mexican War show for a total of 100,000 men approximately 9,750 discharges for disability and 12,900 deaths, among which only 1,400 were killed or died of wounds.

At the beginning of the Civil War conditions were little better, and it was not until the appointment of the belligerent Hammond as Surgeon General, and Letterman as his assistant, that organization began to support individual devotion and enthusiasm on the part of the army surgeons. From then on the history is one of progressive improvement in organization, although as recently as 1875, army hygiene could be compassed by the four topics, habitation, food, clothing, hospitals and other supplies. Indeed, even at the opening of the Spanish War, of $50,000,000 especially appropriated for national defense, only $20,000 was allotted to the Medical Department, which was in the course of the next few years to care for tens of thousands of cases of typhoid fever. "The morbidity from typhoid fever per 1,000 of mean strength was a little less than one-fifth. The mortality from typhoid fever per 1,000 of mean strength was 14.63."

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One Princess's Career

Daisy, Princess of Pless, by herself. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

THIS book, brilliant in its portraiture, of events and persons, gives also the record of soul to whom life granted existence within the two forms of civilization which are presented in an English county home and in a German princedom still permeated by the fandangoes of an obsolete feudalism.

Princess Henry of Pless lived her early childhood in Ruthin Castle, North Wales, in an old border fortress, used in the fifteenth century as a defense point along the marches of Wales. The family consisted of three children—Constance Edwina, who became the Duchess of Westminster, Mary Olivia Theresa, who became Princess of Pless, and George Cornwallis West, who married Lady Randolph Churchill and thus became step-father to Winston Churchill. The family was an old one, with many traditions and records of great service to the county and state; while its intermarriages within the English and Irish peerage connected it with most of the leading families of Great Britain.

For some sixteen years after the Princess's marriage, her husband and father-in-law managed the vast estates which included the country palace of Furstenstein in Silesia; the castle of Pless with an estate as large as an English county; a magnificent palace in Berlin, in which all the near relatives of her husband's family lived when the Berlin season was at its height; and an elegantly appointed chateau on the Riviera. The wealth of these princely families of Europe was at this time unbelievable.

With the wealth there went the heavy German system of etiquette. If the Princess wished merely to go from one room to another, a footman opened the door, proceeded down the passage, announced her arrival, opened the door, and passed her on to the maids and footmen in charge of the second room. Each guest or member of the family had a servant behind his chair at every meal. Privacy was difficult to obtain and still more difficult to preserve. Traveling for the Princess necessitated a system of postilions, outriders, grooms and footmen, who were always in evidence, as well as a lady-in-waiting, two secretaries, a courier, three personal maids and stacks of luggage, containing dresses suitable for any entertainment in court or society life.

Princess Henry of Pless was by nature endowed with Irish wit, brains, a quick understanding and a beautiful face. Within a few years she was the idol of the German court, sought after by European royalty and statesmen, possibly as no woman had been for years.

Her comments on persons and affairs in England and Germany are fascinating. Of Earl Balfour she says in a letter to Baron Stumm: "Mr. Balfour's article is not worth discussing seriously. I never admired his political knowledge, although his book knowledge may be immense. He dawdled over English politics and was never certain of himself." This comment shows considerable penetration of Mr. Balfour's character, as anyone who fought in a Parliamentary election between 1900 and 1911 is well aware. The picture given of the German emperor does not vary much from what has been already written by Baron Von Eckhardstein, especially in connection with the attitude assumed and the feelings exhibited toward each other by Edward VII and his nephew. The Princess writes: "The king simply dislikes the emperor. I am sure he has no real or dangerous intentions toward Germany." Some day perhaps a volume on personality in politics will do justice to the

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public in portraying the effect on world affairs produced by the conflict of personality.

The castle of Pless from the autumn of 1914 to the downfall of Russia served as the German Hauptquarter in the East. Thither came the Kaiser, the Emperor Karl of Austria, the king of Saxony and Wurttemberg, the Turkish crown prince, each with retinues of court functionaries and generals. Now all have passed to the land of ghosts—political, social and military figures to which the flight of time gives a certain glamour, but which history coldly writes down, in the majority of cases, as inept poseurs.

The book is full of sidelights on everyday social life and on political events. There is a subtle penetration in its analysis of men and women in their moments of fame, spite or humanity. This volume will be read again and again, if for no other reason than because of the record it discloses of the malignant little-mindedness of the Prussian military bureaucrats, whose communications to the authoress, though apologetic in terms and tone, served but to accentuate the meanness of their mind.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Questing and Probing

Lost City, by Marion Strobel. $1.50; The Long Leash, by Jessica Nelson North. $1.50. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THESE are fragments of thoughts that are of the lightness of summer. One is reminded of quests for transcendently lost things—like the city of Cíbola, which the Spanish conquistadores of the Southwest have written into tradition.

There are numerous pickings of fruits and blooms by the wayside of this adventure; discourses on women that have the glamour of songs and wines as well. If Marion Strobel began with a matured deliberation of ideas, he ended with some wistful lisping of childhood.

One could feast with him on this and pause:

"Over the fruit my hand. In my hand a knife.
If the fruit were painted in a still-life—

Golden peaches, grapes, and a tangerine
With the sun above, and my hand between—

Would I be able to make the knife scrape
The skin from the peach, the seed from the grape?

Would I be able to make my hand descend
Were the fruit painted? O my friend, my friend,

You who leave me gayly to a gay plenitude
You are my hunger, and my food."

In The Long Leash, by Jessica Nelson North, there are occasional flashes of genuine lines—the shorter pieces presenting happier moods than the longer ones. Miss North employs both the traditional and the free forms and her expression is as varied as the multiplicity and range of her subject-matter.

Miss North shows her instinct for probing, whether she writes of trees, flowers or love. Footprints, and Defenders of Death have an especial inner beauty. In parting, she sings:

"Since we have sworn allegiance to a shadow
The light invading finds us unaware.
Backs to the rising dawn we glower and stare.
Oh, lineage of might! Seed of despair!
How traitorously the red pomegranate hid you!"

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Briefer Mention

Chief Modern Poets of England and America; selected by Gerald DeWitt Sanders and John Herbert Nelson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THIS is a very curious collection. It gives twenty-nine pages to Vachel Lindsay, but only eight to Ezra Pound. T. S. Eliot, and Elinor Wylie and Robinson Jeffers are excluded altogether, but Sara Teasdale is represented by seventeen pages, Carl Sandburg twenty-two and John Gould Fletcher twenty-seven. There is nothing by G. K. Chesterton, nothing by the Sitwells and nothing by Humbert Wolfe, but there are twenty pages by Robert Bridges and twenty-one by Alfred Noyes. Incidentally, both Mr. Bridges and Mr. Noyes are treated more generously than is James Stephens. The editors state that "the time has come when most persons well versed in the works of the modern poets are able to agree upon who best will repay a careful study upon the part of readers not so familiar with the whole field." If this is true, and if this book represents that agreement, the poetic criticism of the last five years might as well have been unwritten.

Field of Honor, by Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

DONN BYRNE'S last book is by no means his best. It is a story of the Napoleonic wars, but can no more be accepted as a picture of the era than Messer Marco Polo as a transcript of life at the Chinese court. The difference is that this book has epic pretensions, where Marco Polo has not, and that the earlier book has a felicity of prose which is strangely missing in The Field of Honor. Perhaps Donn Byrne's talent was not for the grand scale. We have energy here, but not power; prejudice, but not passion, or at most, only its outer trappings.

Parnassus en Route: An Anthology of Poems about Places not People, on the European Continent, by Kenneth Horan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT MAY be that the poetry of geography is generally bad. Or it may be that in order to compile a book of poems about places one must necessarily select a number of bad things. At any rate this book, despite the presence of such names as Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Hardy, Yeats and Stephens, is hardly worth a place in your library.

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